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No. 9.

50 SELECTIONS IN PRO SE AND POETRY

THE READING CLUB

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers BOSTON

Plays for Amateur Theatricals

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

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No. 9. THE No. 9.

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

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EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 9.

BOSTON

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

A WHITE pine-floor and low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great brown loom,
The windows out and the world in bloom, —

A pair of "swifts" in the corner, where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair;

And sang to herself as she spun the tow,
While "the little wheel" ran as soft and low
As muffled brooks, where the grasses grow
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field lilies, free from sin,
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin;
Counted her "knots" and handed them in.

"The great wheel" rigged in its harness stands, —
A three-legged thing with its spindle and bands, —
And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow,
Forward and backward and to and fro!

There 's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,
And a bright-faced, springy, barefoot girl;
She gives a touch and a careless whirl.

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be winds on her rosy heel!
And there must be bees in the spindled steel!
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel!

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock
When you bagged the bee in the hollyhock;
And the angry burr of an ancient clock,

All ready to strike, came out of the mill,
Where, covered with meal, the rogue was still,
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three — the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut;
A hurry of wheel and the roll is wrought!

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white-pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread,
Like somebody caught and tether'd and led,
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend
Monarch would borrow if maiden could lend,
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end,

From English sheep of the old-time farm,
With their legs as fair as a woman's arm,
And faces white as a girl's alarm.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang,

That came to a halt on her cherry lip,
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of another, when her ship —

All laden with dreams in splendid guise —
Should sail right out of the azure skies,
And a lover bring with great brown eyes!

Ah, broad the day, but her work was done —
Two "runs" by reel! She had twisted and spun
Her twoscore "knots" by set of sun.

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,
Till the bees went home and daytime died!

In apron white as the white sea-foam,
She gathered the wealth or her velvet gloom,
And railed it in with a tall back-comb.

She crushed the dew with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And it looked like a pattern lifted high;
But she never dreamed of angels nigh.

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!
What a blue and white for the clouded pair
I'm going to knit for Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead, and the bees are gone,
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with a golden dawn.

From a wind-swung tree that waves before
A shadow is dodging in at the door, —
Flickering ghost on the white-pine floor, —

And the cat, unlearned in the shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw,
To hold it still with an ivory claw!

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt,

If ever it fell on floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall,
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl!

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed!
Good-night, my girl of the double and twist.
Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!

B. F. TAYLOR.

THE HERO-WOMAN.

THERE was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square, massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair waving in glossy masses around her face!

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet every few paces turning round to fire the rifle which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window; — he reaches the block-house gate — look! He is surrounded, their muskets are levelled at his head; he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again! — He dashes his foes aside; with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death-struggle.

Death-struggle? Yes! — for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now. A few moments longer, and they would be re-enforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals," he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle do you hand me another, and so on, until the whole eight shots are fired. That will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few moments at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest."

Look down there and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece — that British trooper falls back, with a crushed hand, upon his comrade's heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window. There is a pause — low, deep murmurs — they are holding a council.

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once. Hark! One, two, three. The old veteran has fired three shots — there are three dying men grovelling in the yard beneath the shadow of the wall.

"Quick, Bess — the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp. There are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead, upon the ground, and a single Red-coat is seen slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle. At this moment the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leaping for the summit of the wall.

"Quick, Bess — my rifle!"

And look there; even while the veteran stood looking out

upon his foes, the brave girl — for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero-Woman — had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another, and another. Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again. The refugees are clambering over its summit — again that fatal aim — again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there; a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate! A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from their sockets — the passage will be free. Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire with that deadly aim, but now — O horror! he falls, he falls, with a musket-ball driven into his breast! The daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture!

That old man, writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's gray hairs, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim background to the scene!

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door — shouts — hurrahs — curses.

"We have the old rebel at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound, makes an effort to rise, clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder-keg; and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house, they are rushing towards that chamber, with murder in their hearts and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl — grown suddenly white as the kerchief round her neck — stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder-keg.

The door is burst open — look there! Stout forms are in the doorway with muskets in their hands; grim faces stained with blood glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech:

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Embrued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there with the rifle laid against the powder-keg.

They stood as if spell-bound on the threshold of that chamber. At last, one bolder than the rest, a bravo whose face is half-concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musket and levels it at the young girl's breast.

"Stand back, or, by ——, I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm. The bravo advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "*click*" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come — daughter — kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold. Oh, dark and cold!"

Look! As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle — already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father is mastering the heroism of the moment — look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle; again — although her father's dying accents are in her ears — stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief, terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle-shot and the light of rifle-blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong

arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl — that Hero-Woman — with one bound springs forward into her brothers' arms, and nestles there; while her dead father — his form yet warm — lays with fixed eyeballs upon the floor. GEORGE LIPPARD

THE SONG OF THE NORTH.

"AWAY, away!" cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on
As we sail for the Northern Seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James!
We will startle the world, I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern Seas,
That never was found till now!
A stout good ship is the 'Erebus,'
As ever unfurled a sail;
And the 'Terror' will match with as brave a one
As ever outrode a gale!"

So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen.
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one;
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright,
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was naught below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy Pole;
And the Esquimau, in his strange canoe,
Was the only living soul.

Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned;
Or they met, on the main, like a battle-plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound.
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
Looked down from the frozen heights;
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.

The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt, like a chill, through their warm hearts thrill,
As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where even the tear-drops freeze;
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas.
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain;
For no way was found, through the ice around,
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose, and the water froze,
Till they closed like a prison wall;
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood,
Like jailers grim and tall.

O God! O God it was hard to die
In that prison-house of ice! —
For what was fame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price?
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the Ice-King came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew:
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through.

A heavy sleep, that was dark and deep,
Came over their weary eyes;
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and streams,
And the blue of their native skies.
The Christmas-chimes of the good old times
Were heard in each dying ear,
And the darling feet, and the voices sweet,
Of their wives and children dear.
But it faded away — away — away —
Like a sound on a distant shore;
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
Till they slept to wake no more.

Oh, the sailor's wife, and the sailor's child,
They weep, and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane she will hope in vain
As the long years pass away.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And the good Sir John have found
An open way to a quiet bay,
And a port where all are bound.
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore
That circles the frozen Pole;
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul!

LIZZIE DOTEN.

NO COLOR LINE IN HEAVEN.

BRUDDERS, de lub ob de Lord am a wonderful ting. Nobody would tink dat a poor ole darky's life was wuff much ennyhow; but de Scripter says de fust shall be last, an' vice versey, an' dat is de chief hold we hab; for I 'clude from dat sayin' dat de cullud pusson what shines boots, an' charges only de reg'lar price, has a tol'ble show for de nex' world, though he hain't much ob a chance here. From a 'ligious pint ob view, it's just as 'portant to shine boots well as to run a fust-class saw-mill. De Lord he neber axes you wat you been doin', but how you been doin' it; an' when you get to de judgment-day, some ob you pore washerwomen, who wasn't mean 'bout de starch, but put plenty ob it in de clothes, will be a flutterin' ob yer wings in Paradise, while de white man wat made you wait for yer munny will be a-lookin' for a shady spot, an' a wishin' he had a bit ob ice. You know what I's think just at dis time? I's thinkin' dat some dese white folks wat 'magines dat dey 'll hab a fedder-bed in de nex' world, an' free or four angels to keep de flies off, will find when dey's lookin' roun' for dere reserved seat in glory dat dey's got a cinder in dere eye, an' can't see it. How 'll you feel, white man, when you find yerself 'mongst a big crowd ob or'nary folks way up in de family circle, while some pore darky who did yer chores like an honest man, is 'ducted by de hebbenly ushers to a orchestra-seat, right down clus to de mewsic? An' how 'll you feel, brudder, when dose angels say to you, "'Tain't no matter what color you be, yer name 's been called, an' we's d'rected to show you a seat

on de platform?" Yer ole black faces 'll shine like de moon, an' you 'll feel like strikin' out wid de double-shuffle right on de golden pavement. 'Member, all ob you, dat it ain't de pocket-book, nor de color, but de shape ob de soul, wat gives you a right to a front seat up yonder.

GINGERBREAD.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, stepping through the kitchen door,
On baking-day, sees goodly store
Of fragrant, umber-shadowed cake,
And — half-unconscious — does not break
A ragged chunk? Ah, toothsome bliss!
He is a churl who knows not this.
For him no practised dexter wrist
Shall limp, incipient doughnuts twist;
Or stir, to coax his gourmand taste,
Dreamy meringue or flaky paste.
Though he may live on Nob Hill's tip,
And hold his gold with miser's grip, —
Though he may own the whole long list
Of vintner's hoard, by cobweb's kissed, —
May dine from Sevres, drive a "cart,"
And sit on "decorative art," —
Despite his gastronomic books,
Despite his white-capped Gallic cooks,
The wretch, concentred in his pride,
Shall live and eat — unsatisfied.
And when kind Providence — or gout —
Shall snuff his farthing rushlight out,
The stern recorder of the skies,
Against the tombstone's gilded lies,
(Counting the virtues of the dead)
Shall write, "He loved not gingerbread!"

SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT.

A NIGHT WATCH.

"Is it not morning yet?" From side to side
The sick girl tossed, hot-browed and heavy-eyed,
And moaned with feverish breath when I replied,
"It is not morning yet."

"Is it not morning yet?" O leaden hours,
How slow they move! The night more darkly lowers,
Cold on the wan leaves strikes the sudden showers;
"It is not morning yet."

"Is it not morning yet?" The clock ticks on,
The sands fall slow, not half the night is gone;
Again I answer to that restless moan —
"Is it not morning yet?"

"Is it not morning yet?" With tender care
I bathe her brow, and smooth her damp, fair hair,
And try to soothe her with soft words of prayer.
"It is not morning yet."

"Is it not morning yet?" If she could sleep,
If those tired lids those burning eyes could keep!
God knows the thorns are sharp, the road is steep!
"It is not morning yet."

"Is it not morning yet?" "'Tis coming, dear."
And, while I speak, the shadows press more near,
And all the room grows colder with my fear.
"It is not morning yet."

"Is it not morning yet?" How faint and low
The piteous accents! Do not tremble so
My heart, nor fail me, while I answer, "No —
It is not morning yet."

"Is it not morning yet?" I bow my head;
God answers — while the eastern sky glows red,
And smiles upon the still face on the bed —
"Yes, it is morning now!"

THE LOVES OF LUCINDA.

MERCY sakes! Cal'ine, you don't hear nothin' nowadays but *culchur*. S'pose it must be somethin' purty nice, since all the gals take to it in such a surprisin' manner; but I do believe 't wasn't until some meddlin' census-taker found eout there was forty thousand more women than there was men in the State, and there wasn't fellers enough to go round, that female women dipped inter the ologies and brake-yer-backs and picter-paintin'. Why, land sakes! Cal'ine, in my time, Beauology was all the science we cultivated, and not until the crow's-feet began to appear, and the hair to get thin on top, was a thought given to anything serious; and I do believe that now *culchur* 's only another name for the same thing. A young gal gives lots of time to embroidery, and cruel kind er work, and pastin' picters on blackin'-bottles, and paintin' dinner-plates and sarcers. But jest let a smart young feller come along and whistle to her, and down go the plates to smash, and she nestles up agin his westcut as tickled as if she had a new spring bunnit.

It's human nater, Cal'ine, and all the *culchur* in creation can't stop it. Git a beau, and then cultivate him up to the pint of askin' you to take him for better or for wuss, and you're wise. Make him believe he's heavenly until he's all your own; but never try to crowd him, or try to make him do what he don't want to. If you do, over goes your apple-cart, and the sweets of felicity are scattered to the four winds of heaven. I know what I'm talkin' about, for I've had my epochs of love, and wasted two good chances because I was too exactin'. My fust epoch was Eben Shute, and a rael nice feller was Eben. He was awful sweet on me, and never came a Saturday night without a roll of sasafras lozengers in his weskit-pocket. And generous! why, he'd borry a neighbor's hoss and sleigh any time to take me to ride. And we went to quiltin's, and apple-bees, and singin'-school, and got to be dreadful fond of each other. But there was one thing he was jest sot against, and that was "a surprise party." He wouldn't budge anigh 'em, and as they was all the rage, I felt purty bad to be left out in the cold, and a good deal wuss to think I couldn't twist him round my fingers. That's human nater, too; and when I couldn't stand it no longer I jest made up my mind I'd tame his stubbon spirit, or perish in the attempt. So one night when we was sittin' kinder comfort-

able and cosy in the big arm-chair, I jest puckered up my mouth, and says I, sorter soft and tender:

"Eben, do you raelly, truly love your Lucinda?"

"Well, I reckon!" said he. "Haven't I told yer so, time and time agin?" and he gin me a squeeze that made my whalebones crack.

"Yes," says I, "and you've told me, too, there wasn't a thing in the world you'd deny me."

"Not a thing," says he; "not a blamed thing. If you don't believe it, jest try me;" and he gave me another awful squeeze.

"Then, Eben, make me happy by givin' me a surprise party," says I, kinder sudden like, so he was took all aback, and turned jest as red as a beet. "All the gals has had 'em," says I; "they're all the fashion, and you wouldn't have your Lucinda out er fashion, would you, Eben dear?"

"I hate 'em," says he, mad as fury; "and I won't have nothin' to do with 'em."

But I wasn't to be put off in that way, and so I jest laid my head on his shoulder, hove a sigh, and looked up into his eyes with a tender meloncholly in mine, and jest went to work with all the language I could muster to convince him that nothin' but a surprise party could sooth my troubled breast — and bimeby he gin in.

"Well, Lucindy," said he, "since yer sot on it, I'll gin yer a surprise party; so set yer time, and leave the rest to me."

So I sot a night, and went to bed as tickled as you please. Well, Eben he flew round the next day and invited folks, and told 'em what to bring, and seemed as happy about it as if it was a weddin'. When the night come, and all the folks in town marched inter our best room with baskets and bundles enough to feed a regiment, I was the most surprised gal you ever did see! Eben, he jest got all the provender together and lugged it off to the kitchen — wouldn't let a soul help him — and then he locked the door. Some of the old ladies was awful mad, for they'd calkilated on settin' the table; but Eben said that was his surprise party, and he was goin' to do the work himself.

"Well, we had a rael jolly time playin' "hunt the slipper," "fox and geese," and "blind man's buff," till bimeby Eben opened the kitchen door, and invited the folks out to supper. We hurried out to see what he'd been up to. Such a sight! There was the table spread with every blessed dish there was in the house, and not a thing eatable to be seen; but on another table was piled baskets and bundles, jest as they came.

The folks laughed; but Eben says he, "There's no deception about this surprise party. I told Lucindy she should have one, and I reckon you've all got one." The hateful thing! to bring me out like that afore the hull company. Eben looked rael tickled, but he didn't dare meet my eye; if he had, I'd have withered him.

"Here's the dishes," said he; "now I'll fill 'em up." With that, he took a big bundle, opened it, and poured inter the big platter about a peck of — *doughnuts!* Then he took a basket and out of that he poured — more doughnuts. Then another, and the same result — doughnuts. Then the folks seemed to see the joke, and all set to work openin' and pourin' until it fairly rained — bread-fruit. There wasn't another blamed thing in that whole collection. Eben Shute had told 'em all what to bring, and they'd brought 'em with a vengence! They had a regular gale a-laughin' over it; but I jest giv one look at Eben and marched up stairs, and didn't show my face agin that night. I was ready enough to forgive Eben the next day, but he never come a-nigh me. Somebody nicknamed him "Doughnut," and that made him mad, and he broke short off. And so I lost him.

It was quite a spell afore I had another epoch, and when I did, he was neither young nor hansom, but he was rich — a widerer without narry encumberances. He was awful close, was Hosea Hawkins, but he did set up a beautiful monument over his fust wife! He used to pint to it with pride when we meanderd in our moonlight musings doun that way, and say how happy he should be when I filled her place. He jest doated on me. He'd wait on me by inches, and take me anywhere. It didn't cost anything. I was mighty proud of my conquest, for the gals had all set their caps for Hosea, and of course that made me ruther uppish, and I tried to show my power over him, 'specially afore folks; and that's where I missed it.

We was a-settin' on the stoop one night, in tranquil and harmonious ferlicity, when a parcel of the young fellers come in. It was the night afore the Glorious Fourth, and they wanted Hosea to contribit somethin' to buy powder with for a grand salute the next mornin'. Josh Slocum was the leader. Says he, "We jest want to wake up them air old ancesters of ourn who fit and bled for liberty, and let 'em know we're round." Hosea wouldn't gin 'em a cent; said he did'nt approve of sich goin's on; and as for his ancesters, they'd done work enough without wakin' on 'em up at this late day, jest to smell brimstone! I was awful provoked; I'd sooner gin ninepence myself than a

had him cut up so. But the fellers took it good-naterdly, and only laughed.

"Mr. Hawkins," says Josh, as he was a leavin', if you won't give anything, come up in the mornin' and see the old salamander spit fire; that shan't cost you anything."

I spoke right up then. "He can't go; he's promised to come over and help me milk the cows." Well, they jest roared as they went off. But Hosea was awful mad.

"What did you say that for, Lucinda?" says he. "I didn't promise any sich thing."

"But you will, Hosea. You shall celibrate the Glorious Fourth by the side of yer own Lucinda; I've set my heart on it, so don't refuse me."

Well, he hung off a long time, but finally he consented; and bright and early next mornin' over he came. Courtin's purty nice busines 'most any time, Cal'ine, but there's a leetle extra attraction about it in the early mornin', when the sun's jest peepin' over the hills. Hosea seemed to feel the inspiration, and looked as sweet as June butter, as he sot on that three-legged stool a milkin' and glancin' up at me, and talkin' all sorts of sweet nonsense. Our brindle cow Jenny is as gentle and docile a creeter as you'd ever meet in a barn-yard, and Hosea had got his pail about half full when — "bang!" went a cannon right behind us. Those fellers, wantin' a little fun, had dragged their cannon up the hill right back of our house. And they did have fun! When that explosion come, that poor cow giv one convulsive heave, kicked over the pail, sent Hosea sprawlin', leaped the fence, went tearin' across the flower-beds, up the back steps and half way through the kitchen door, and there she stuck, bellerin' like all possest. Hosea picked himself up, and went and tried to pull her back; but she wouldn't budge; so he had to go through the house and back her out.

He was awful serious when he got her back agin; didn't say anything, but set that stool down awful hard and went to milkin' agin. He hadn't got fairly started when — "bang!" went that awful cannon agin, and over he went. That poor cow played circus there a minit, then away she went across the field. She jumped three fences, and lit in the road jest as the stage-coach come along. She never stopped for that, but jest leaped in among the hosses, fell across the pole, and there she hung. The coach tipped over, the hosses got mixed up, and there was the greatest time you ever did see! Hosea picked himself up, and went tearin' up that hill to stop the cannon. He couldn't

see it, 'cause it was behind the trees. Jest as he reached 'em — "bang!" went the cannon agin, right inter his face; and over he went, and come a-rolin' down the hill, actin' wuss than the cow. When they picked him up, his face looked like a spiced ham. He wasn't hurt much; but he went straight home, and stayed there for a week. And he never come anigh me agin.

MARK MELVILLE.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers in the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall
To bask his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His drowsy watch, and as his waking dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his lids,
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.
'T was now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city, — the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices, — and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street, along whose paved way
A mourning throng wound slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the throng that in the burning heat
Walked with forgetful sadness — 't was of one
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers passed,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one —
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her slow steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively

As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her, —
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone, —
A widow with one son. He was her all, —
The only tie she had in the wide world, —
And this was he. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain, as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's fainting heat. The beaded sweat
Stood on his forehead, and about the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
To wet his lips at green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the east,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller would rest till eve:
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on
From every swelling mount, beheld afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand; and the path
Touched not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the east lay breezy Galilee.
He thought but of his work. And ever thus
With godlike self-forgetfulness he went
Through all his missions, — healing sicknesses
Where'er he came, and never known to weep
But for a human sorrow, or to stay
His feet but for some pitying miracle.
And in the garden, when his spirit grew
"Exceeding sorrowful," and those he loved
Forgot him in his agony, and slept;
How heavenly gentle was his mild reproach —
"Could ye not watch with me one hour? Sleep on!
Sleep on!" — Forth from the city gates the throng
Followed the aged mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and with straining hands
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,

And with a hurried sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She passed where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said, and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding set it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" — and instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud,
And while the mourner hung upon his neck —
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE TOMATO.

THE tomato is an excellent article of food, notwithstanding the assertions of many who claim that it is not healthy, produces cancers, etc. Now I believe it to be one of the healthiest of vegetables. Note its ruddy hue, its fine, smooth skin, and its plump, well-rounded form; surely there is nothing to indicate disease, and there is every reason to believe that its general health is equal to, if not better than, that of any other vegetable that exists. Take, for instance, the beet; mark the fatality that attends their growth! Dead beats can be counted by thousands in every community, and in every climate, who have been nurtured under the most favorable circumstances — as regards sanitary measures — for their healthful growth. Even the potato has its almost yearly epidemic, which carries off countless numbers, causing bitter sorrow, and leaving scarcely a dry eye in the whole Murphy community. They have other troubles, also; 'tis the early potato that catches the worm, — or rather, that is caught by it, — and no vermifuge, however powerful, has yet been discovered that covers the ground sufficiently to protect it from the fell destroyer. The watermelon, as its name

implies, is lymphatic, and lacks vigor. It is subject to dropsy, and seldom recovers after being tapped. Cucumbers and onions are far from being immaculate. The former are cut down — or, rather, cut up — in the heyday of their youth, as it were, and seldom live to a green — i. e., a yellow old age. Even in infancy they are continually getting in a pickle, and are no comfort to themselves or to anybody else. The onion is a confirmed invalid, and if it leaves its bed, is sure to get in a stew. It prides itself, somewhat, upon its rank in society, but it is in bad odor among its fellows.

But I digress. It was not the intention to write up the entire vegetable kingdom, but merely to defend our friend — the tomato — from his traducers. Lettuce return, then, to our subject. Find a greater delicacy to preserve — who among you can? Hope you all can — can all you raise, and raise all you can of this healthful esculent. Then, again, how essential is the tomato for fixing catsup — not to fix cats up by throwing tomatos at them, though even as missiles they would doubtless prove efficacious. The refuse tomato cans could be used with equal effect to fix dogs up, if you wish to curtail your house rubbish. What could better "pointer moral or adorn a tail"?

Finally, it is claimed that the consumption of the tomato produces cancers, and the like. It has been fully demonstrated that the tomato is a perfectly healthy vegetable, therefore its consumption is a mere fallacy. It never has the consumption. As was recently remarked to a prominent physician: "We defy you to prove it, or to prove that tomatos produce cancers — we don't believe you cancer; in fact, we know you can't, sir!" Enough of the tomato — though we never — i. e., hardl— —— (I was going to say that we seldom get enough of them, when something like a tomato struck me). To conclude, let me hope all reasonable, thinking persons will see the force of our plea for the tomato, and enjoy them while the season is upon us.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, 1863 — BEUTELSBACH, 1880.

"YAH, I shpeaks English a leetle: berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."
"No, not a word." — "Vel den, meester, it hardt for to be oonderstandt.
I vos drei yahr in your country, I fights in der army mit Sherman —
Twentiet Illinois Infantry — Fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia — a veteran, eh?" — "Vell, I tell you
Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei-York;
I sphends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue:
Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?" — "Yah, svansig apout; und der peobles
Vot I goes to for to ask for some vork, dey hafe none for to geef;
Efery von laughs; but I holds my head ope shust so high as der steeples.
Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.
Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle? At Lookout! don't say!
I was there too — wait a minute — your beer-glass is empty already.
Call for another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of her mountain — der sky vos all smoky and hazy;
Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer get hit until night —
But — I don't care to say mooch apout it. Der poys called me foolish and crazy.
Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot' — dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same,
and no matter
Vot any man say." — "Well, let's hear it — you needn't mind
talking to me,
For I was there, too, as I tell you — and Lor'! how the bullets
did patter
Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth
Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de
efening,
Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef a
hurrah,
Der roar of der guns, it vos orful." — "Ah! yes, I remember,
'twas deafening,
The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I
listen,
Und dinks dot I hear somepody a callin' — a voice dot cried,
'Pring me some vater for Gott's sake' — I saw his pelt-bate
glisten,
Oonder der moonlight, on der parapet, shust outside.

"I dhrow my canteen ofer to vere he lie, but he answer
Dot his left handt vos gone, und his right arm proke mit
a fall;
Den I shump ofer, und gife him to drink, but shust as I ran, sir,
Bang! come a sharp-shooter's pullet; und dot's how it vos —
dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you
befriended —
The 'reb,' I mean — what became of him? Did he ever come
'round?"
"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vos
all ended,
Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from der
ground.

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und says he, 'Yacob
Keller,
You loses your leg for me, und some day, if both of us leefs,

I shows you I don't vorget' — but he most hafe died, de poor feller ;
I nefer hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs.

"Only I alvays got der saddisfachshun ofe knowin' —
Shtop! vots der matter? Here, take some peer, you're vite as a sheet —
Shteady! your handt on my shoulder! my gootness! I dinks you vos goin'
To lose your senses avay, und fall right off mit der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left one gone? Und you vos a soldier
In dot same battle? — a Tennessee regiment? — dot's mighty queer —
Berhaps after all you're —" "Yes, Yacob, God bless you old fellow, I told you
I'd never — no, never forget you. I told you I'd come, and I'm here."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Do not mind my crying, papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, papa,
I am not shaking with fear ;
Though the wild, wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Somebody else that you love, papa,
Somebody else that you dearly love
Is weary, like me, because you're away.
Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,
And I seem to know what they're going to say ;
And every day, and all the long day,
I long to cry, "Oh! mamma, mamma,
When will papa come back again?"
But before I can say it I see the pain

Creeping up on her white, white cheek,
As the sweet, sad sunshine creeps up the white wall,
And then I am sorry, and fear to speak;
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,
As the sad, sweet sunshine goes from the wall.
Oh, I wish I were grown up, wise and tall,
That I might throw my arms round her neck
And say, "Dear mamma, oh, what is it all
That I see, and see, and do not see
In your white, white face all the livelong day?"
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Where were you going, papa, papa?
All this long while have you been on the sea?
When she looks as if she saw far away,
Is she thinking of you, and what does she see?
Are the white sails blowing,
And the blue men rowing,
And are you standing on the high deck
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew gray,
And we watched and watched till the ship was a speck,
And the dark came first to you, far away?
I wish I could see what she can see,
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Don't you remember, papa, papa,
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,
And knock like men at the window-pane?
And the louder they roared, oh, it seemed more sweet
To be warm and warm as we used to be,
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire;
Why does she sit far away in the cold?
If I had but somebody wise and old.

That every day I might cry and say,
"Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?
Was she always as white as she is to-day?
Did she never carry her head up higher?"
Papa, papa, if I could but know!
Do you think her voice was always so low?

Did I always see what I seem to see
When I wake up at night, and her pillow is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold —
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tale that she told,
She sings the same songs when I sit on her knee,
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together, all three.
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, papa,
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.
Is she changed, do you think, papa?
Or did I dream she was brighter before?

She makes me remember my snow-drop, papa,
That I forgot in thinking of you, —
The sweetest snow-drop that ever I knew!
But I put it out of the sun and the rain:
It was green and white when I put it away,
It had one sweet bell, and green leaves four;
It was green and white when I found it that day,
It had one pale bell, and green leaves four,
But I was not glad of it any more.
Was it changed, do you think, papa,
Or did I dream it was brighter before?

Do not mind my crying, papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, papa,
I am not shaking for fear;
Though the wild, wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

SYDNEY DOBELL.

"PAPA SAYS SO, TOO."

A TINY rap fell on the door;
I quickly stepped across the floor
And turned the knob for Perley Moore.

"Good-morning, little one," I said;
"How early you are out of bed!
Is that what makes your cheeks so red?"

"I'se tum a vis'tin' oo to-day,
I tol' Aunt Nelly if I may;
Of tourse oo tan, Aunt Nelly say;
An' so I'se tum an' brought my doll;
My hat is dittin' mos' too small;
Oo fink dis is a pitty s'awl?"

All this the little maiden said,
While yet her hat was on her head,
And shawl was o'er her shoulders spread.

I said, "How is your Aunty Nell?
I hope to hear that she is well."

She lifted up her great black eyes,
Pursed up her mouth, and looked so wise,
As if to note my great surprise.

"Aunt Nelly's dot de whoopin' toff,
An' has to have some chitten broff,
An' nassy stuff from Dr. Goff;
An' s'e's all tovered up in bed,
An' has a wet cloff on s'e's head,
An' s'e tan't eat s'e's toas'ed b'ead."

Somehow I knew she told a fib,
Her little tongue was all too glib;
And so, to lead the gypsy on,
I questioned her of Uncle John.

"Oh, Untle Don's down to de city;
He's daun to dit me somefin pitty —
I dess t'ill be a 'ittle kitty;
Oh, no, I dess t'ill be a baby —
He say he some time dit one, maybe."

"You do not want another cousin?
For you have now at least a dozen:
There's Tom and Jim, and Joe and Hurley,
And then your little namesake, Perley."

"Dis baby 'll be my ve'wy own,
An' t'ill be made of meat an' bone,
An' have a 'ittle mouf so sweet,
An' I tan dive it somefin t' eat.
Oo see, I'se dot no 'ittle b'over —
He 's daun way up to heav'n wiv mover,
An' I tan't never dit no over.
But papa say he don't want any;
He say anuzzer be too many;
He say he'll tange my name to Benny."

"Oh, Perley, how you rattle on;
I'll have to tell your Uncle John
Your tongue runs like a dinner-bell;
Come, let us go and see Aunt Nell;
Now hurry up, get ready quick, —
You know Aunt Nell is very sick."

"Aunt Nelly is not sit," she said,
"An' s'e 's not lying in ze bed,
Nor dot no wet cloff on s'e 's head."

"Why, Perley, you have told a lie!"
She poked her fat fist in her eye,
And straightway raised a deafening cry.
The briny tears ran down her cheek,
Sobs choked her so she could not speak,
And all her attitude was meek.

"Why did you tell me such a tale?
To find you out I could not fail!"

She came and stood beside my knee —
A prettier puss there could not be.
My fingers in her hand she took,
And gave me such a curious look :
"Tom read it to me in a book ;
The boy was 'ittle Henwy Pool, —
He dot ze book at Sunday-Tool,
An' Tommy says zose books are true,
An' papa says so, too, — don't oo ? "

JENNIE T. HAZEN LEWIS.

THE POETRY OF IRON.

THERE is a wonderful fascination about iron-work and iron-workers. Novelists have made them the scenes and heroes of their stories; poets have made them the themes of deathless song. We sing of the forge of Tubal Cain, and Hector swore "by the forge that stithied Mars' helm ;" but the other trades are passed over. When did poet, in lofty numbers, sing of the carpenter lathing a back room on the second floor? Who chants the brawny arms and thrilling deeds of a man climbing a four-story ladder with a hod of mortar? Does anybody stand with rapt emotion and watch a painter putty up a nail-hole? I would not exchange my one hour at midnight in the iron-works at Ashland for a whole week watching a man mix mortar with a hoe. Why, these iron-works surround the Ashlanders with enough romance to last a Western community at least six weeks. And yet, I suppose there are people about here who never saw a nail made in their lives. I have known times in my own eminently useful and highly ornamental career — times when I was trying to nail a front gate to a leather hinge — when I wished there had never been a nail made, anywhere, by anybody. And I watched them as they fell from the ponderous machines, fast as rain-drops, and it seemed to me, as I watched them fall, that I could hear the dull, treacherous thud of the hammer on the human thumb, the low wail of a woman's anguish, "the big, big D" of a young man in his agony. These strange, weird feelings and fancies rushed into my mind like a torrent. I stooped and picked up a brand-new nail, as a memento of my visit. Then I laid it down again ; sadly, but not slowly. I have

an impression, I know not where I got it, that a new-laid nail, like a new-laid egg, is warm; and that it is far more perceptible in the case of the nail. It may not be so in every instance. I presume there may be some nails laid cold. But the one I picked up was not so everlastingly, gee-whizzling cold, and I did not investigate any further. BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

HANNAH.

I TALKED of sin, and they listened in awe
As I told of its cause, and governing law,
In most effective manner;
And one from out the gathered throng
Cried out in pathos, deep and strong,
"That's what's the matter with Hannah!"

I looked around for the troubled dame,
And called her out by her given name
(For I did not know the other);
And said, with a sigh which the crowd could hear,
"Woman called Hannah, if thou art near,
Approach thy Christian brother."

My hearers laughed at my earnest cry;
And "Put a shanty over his eye!"
Cried some in mocking fashion;
But I paid no heed to the scoffing few —
"Hannah, my sister, I call for you,
In love — not wrath or passion.

"Come, then, to the altar, O child of woe!"
Then spoke another, "Not any for Joe."
I wondered at him slightly,
And said, "O Joseph! the flesh is weak;
It makes me tremble to hear you speak
Of holy things so lightly."

Then up from the heathen came a cry
Of "Bully, old fellow!" "How's that for high!"

It fairly made me shiver;
And I trembled in heart, as well as in limb,
And they fiendishly screamed, "Put a head on him, Jim,
And pitch him into the river."

But I stood my ground, and commenced to tell
Of terrible fires, in a terrible hell,
That would burn them up forever
If they lived for the world. Said a man of pelf,
"Oh, golly, you know how it is yourself:"
To this I answered, "Never!"

And started home, as they would not yield,
And I had neither sword nor shield
That might defend my banner;
And to-day I sigh for the slough of sin
Which one poor woman is working in,
Whose given name is "Hannah."

AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS.

It was the twilight hour;
Behind the western hill the sun had sunk,
Leaving the evening sky aglow with crimson light.
The air is filled with fragrance and with sound;
High in the tops of shadowy vine-wreathed trees,
Grave parent-birds were twittering good-night songs,
To still their restless brood.
Across the way
A noisy little brook made pleasant
Music on the summer air,
And farther on, the sweet, faint sound
Of Whippoorwill Falls rose on the air, and fell
Like some sweet chant at vespers.
The air is heavy
With the scent of mignonette and rose,
And from the beds of flowers the tall
White lilies point like angel fingers upward,
Casting on the air an incense sweet,
That brings to mind the old, old story
Of the alabaster box that loving Mary
Broke upon the Master's feet.

Upon his vine-wreathed porch
An old white-headed man sits dreaming
Happy, happy dreams of days that are no more;
And listening to the quaint old song
With which his daughter lulled her child to rest:

"Abide with me," she says;
"Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, —
Lord, with me abide."

And as he listens to the sounds that fill the
Summer air, sweet, dreamy thoughts
Of his "lost youth" come crowding thickly up;
And, for a while, he seems a boy again.
With feet all bare
He wades the rippling brook, and with a boyish shout
Gathers the violets blue, and nodding ferns,
That wave a welcome from the other side.
With those he wreathes
The sunny head of little Nell, a neighbor's child,
Companion of his sorrows and his joys.
Sweet, dainty Nell, whose baby life
Seemed early linked with his,
And whom he loved with all a boy's devotion.

Long years have flown.
No longer boy and girl, but man and woman grown,
They stand again beside the brook, that murmurs
Ever in its course, nor stays for time nor man,
And tell the old, old story,
And promise to be true till life for them shall end.

Again the years roll on,
And they are old. The frost of age
Has touched the once-brown hair,
And left it white as are the chaliced lilies.
Children, whose rosy lips once claimed
A father's blessing and a mother's love,
Have grown to man's estate, save two
Whom God called early home to wait
For them in heaven.

And then the old man thinks
How on a night like this, when faint
And sweet as half-remembered dreams
Old Whippoorwill Falls did murmur soft
Its evening psalms, when fragrant lilies
Pointed up the way her Christ had gone,
God called the wife and mother home,
And bade him wait.
Oh! why is it so hard for
Man to wait? — to sit with folded hands,
Apart, amid the busy throng,
And hear the buzz and hum of toil around;
To see men reap and bind the golden sheaves
Of earthly fruits, while he looks idly on,
And knows he may not join,
But only wait till God has said, "Enough!"
And calls him home?

And thus the old man dreams,
And then awakes; awakes to hear
The sweet old song just dying
On the pulsing evening air:

"When other helpers fail,
And comforts flee,
Lord of the helpless,
Oh, abide with me!"

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

DON SQUIXET'S GHOST.

"WELL, now, spakin' o' Father Doyle, reminds me of the time whin I fust dug his peaytees for him; let me see; I'm sure I don't know how many years agone, now; but faix, 'tis meself was only a big lump of a gurrul thin. Oah! but I'll niver forget that day, if I lives to be as ould as Buckley's goat.

"Me and Biddy Morrissy were digging his rivirince's peaytees, — 'twas about tin o'clock in the morning, — and turning up the painted ladies as purty as iver you see, whin along come the ould rousther, and a half a dozen hens wid him, strutting along, and pecking the peaytees like fine fellows; and 'twas

niver a bit of use in uz sayin' 'whist!' for there the ould haythen 'ud peck and peck, scratch and scratch, till says I, 'Me boy, I'll soon see whether or no me or you is the better man; so I ups wid a big lump of a peaytee and laves 'im have it in the eye; and over he goes, flipperty-flap, as dead as a herring.

"'Och, mallia!' says Biddy, says she; 'now, Kitty, you may go and hang yerself,' says she, 'fur his riv'rince 'll niver forgive ye killin' that bird,' says she, half-frightened out of her wits.

"'Faix, I don't care,' says I. 'What business had he peckin' the peaytees, thin?' says I, all of a trimble.

"'Oh,' says she, 'you'll know what; and, by the same token, here comes himself now; and you'd better dig a hole as quick as you can, and pitch the ould rousther in it,' says she.

"So I looks round, and, sure enough, there was his riv'rince walking slowly towards us, in the trench, wid a pinch of snuff betune his finger and thumb, lookin' to the one side and the other. Well, begannies, it wasn't long I was digging a hole, and covering up the ould rousther in it, and scatterin' the peaytees over the place; and thin I felt as guilty as if it was a man I murdered. By and by himself comes along; me heart was thumping away inside; ye could hear it a mile off, as one may say.

"His riv'rince talked about the weather, and the peaytees, and this and that, and there was his fut widin a yard of the place.

"'Honey,' says he, 'you shouldn't lave the hens be after pecking the peaytees!' says he; 'they'll spoil more than they're worth,' says he.

"'Humph! 'tis meself can't keep 'em away,' says I.

"'Oh, botheration! but you must drive 'em away,' says he.

"'Faix, they won't stay druv,' I sez.

"'Why, then, Kitty,' says he, 'my honey,' says he, 'you must knock 'em down,' says he.

"'Oh, wisha, good-morrow to ye, Father Doyle,' says I.

"'Why so?' says he.

"'Is it knock 'em down?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'it is.'

"'Humph!' says I; 'if I did that same, maybe yer riv'rince 'ud niver forgive me for doing av it!' says I.

"'Yes, I would, honey; why not?' says he.

"'What, if I killed one of yer hens?' says I.

"'Did I say kill?' says he; 'I said, knock 'em down, that's all.'

"'Hah, yer riv'rince,' says I, 'I'm thinkin' I won't thry it!'

"Oh, didn't I feel as if I wasn't spakin' the truth to him!

"'Humph!' says he, lookin' round, and takin' a pinch of

snuff; 'it surprises me not to see Don Squixet here, any way; he's always the first into mischief, and the last to lave it.'

"Dad, thinks I to meself, if he means the ould rousther, he's the fust to lave it this time, any way. 'But,' says I, 'and who's Don Squixet?' I axes, wid me heart into me mouth.

"'Ha! that's what I call the ould cock,' says he; 'but the rascal is up to some mischief now, I go bail, or he'd be here,' says Father Doyle.

"Well, whether to down on me two knees (savin' yer prisence) and confess all, or lave him to find it out, I didn't know; when all to once the peaytees right furnenst us begun to move, and roll the one over the other.

"'Oah! what's that, Kitty?' cries Father Doyle. 'Be the powers, there's something coming up through the yearth!'

"Faix, 'twas meself thought I'd sink down through it; for just then up comes the head of the ould rousther himself, bad scran to him, lookin' round to make out where he was. Awe! I couldn't tell yees how I felt. I fell down on me knees, and axed his riv'rince to forgive a poor crayter the sin av it. But, by and by, when the ould scamp got up and shuck himself, and clapped his wings, and crowed, be dad, I thought his riv'rince would split laughing, as well as Biddy. And when Father Doyle could spake, says he, wiping his eyes wid his kurcher, 'Kitty,' says he, 'always be sure a body's dead,' says he, 'before you inters it,' he says. 'But see now, if you kill any av 'em outright, another time,' says he, 'just bring the remains to me,' he says, 'and we'll have a dish of broth out of it, anyway,' says he. And wid that, he set up a-laughin' again, and walked off, shakin' his sides; and I s'pose, if he told that story once, he did the Lord knows how many times. But he niver seed me, to this day, but he allus axed when I seen Don Squixet's Ghost last."

HARRY BOLINGBROKE.

THE KING'S BELL.

"No perfect day has ever come to me,"
An old man said;
"A perfect day for us can never be,
Till we are dead."
The young king heard him, and he turned away
In earnest thought.
Did man ne'er find, on earth, the happy day
For which they sought? —

A day so free from care, so running o'er
With life's delight
That there seemed room or wish for nothing more
From dawn to night?
"It must be that such days have come to man,"
The young king said.
"Go search, — find one who found them, if you can."
Ah, wise gray head!

"I trust that some time such a day will come
To even me,"
The king said; but the old man's lips were dumb.
"Ah, you shall see!
That you, and those about you, all may know
My perfect day,
A bell shall ring out when the sun is low,
And men shall say,

"'Behold, this day has been unto the king
A day replete
With happiness! It lacked not anything;
A day most sweet!'"
In a high tower, ere night, the passers saw
A mighty bell,
The tidings of a day without a flaw
Sometime to tell.

The bell hung silent in its lofty tower;
Days came and went;
Each summer brought its sunshine and its flower
Its old content,
But not the perfect day he hoped to see.
"But soon or late
The day of days," he said, "will come to me,
I trust, and wait."

The years, like leaves upon a restless stream,
Were swept away,
And in the king's dark hair began to gleam
Bright threads of gray.
Men, passing by, looked upward to the bell,
And, smiling, said,
"Delay not of the happy time to tell
Till we are dead."

But they grew old, and died. And silent still
The great bell hung.
At last the king, bowed down with age, fell ill
His cares among.
At dusk, one day, with dazed brain, from his room
He slowly crept
Up rotting tower-steps, in the dust and gloom,
While watchers slept.

Above the city broke the bell's great voice,
Silent so long.
"Behold the king's most happy day! Rejoice!"
It told the throng.
Filled with strange awe the long night passed away.
At morn, men said,
"At last the king has found his happy day, —
The king is dead!"

EBEN E. REXFORD

THE TRAMP OF SHILOH.

YES, bread! I want bread! You heard what I said;
Yet ye stand and ye stare,
As if never before came a Tramp at your door
With such insolent air.

Would I work? Never learned. My home it was burned;
And I haven't yet found
Any heart to plough lands and build homes for red hands
That burned mine to the ground.

No bread! you have said? Then my curse on your head
And, what shall sting worse,
On that wife at your side, on those babes in their pride,
Fall my sevenfold curse! —

Good-by! I must learn to creep into your barn;
Suck your eggs; hide away;
Sneak around like a hound, — leave a match in your hay, —
Limp away through the gray!

Yes, I limp, — curse these stones! And then my old bones
Were riddled with ball
At your Shiloh. What, you? You battled there, too?
Well, you beat us, — that's all.

Bread! money! and wine! sir? Madam, I dine
At your feet, — and please, sir, I pray
You'll pardon me, sir, — that fight trenched me here,
Deep, — deeper than sword-cut that day.

Yet even my heart with a stout pride will start
As I tramp. For, you see,
No matter who won, it was royally done,
And a royal American victory.

But I go. Sir, adieu! *Tu Tityre.* You
Have Augustus to friend,
While I, — yes, read and speak both Latin and Greek,
And talk slang without end.

Hey? Oxford. But, then, when the wild cry of men
Rang out through the gathering night.
As a mother that cries for her children, and dies,
I dropped all, and came for the fight.

What! sit? Sit, and tell ye how we fought? — how we fell?
Tell to you, who did kill? —
'Neath your cursed Northern vine set me down and drink wine? —
That wine warms, and — I will.

We flew home, — fool, that I brought him home here to die,
When she, with her last fevered breath,
Had implored this right arm keep him sacred from harm,
And then followed our father in death.

Yet I know he had pined had I left him behind
Safe bound by gray Oxford's bars,
And his proud soul had cried, in his valor and died,
To ride at my side in the wars.

How young, and how fair, and how noble, — but, there!
The wine, or the sudden sunrise, —
Sir, when we last stood in the place, and he last raised his face,
I saw there my dead mother's eyes.

'Twas Shiloh! We stood 'neath that hill by the wood, —
It's a graveyard to-day, sir, you know, —
And he smiled like a child, even laughed, as the wild
Dogs of war at our throats were let go.

That laugh was his last! When that bloody wave passed
I knelt down in blood by his side.
On his brow, on his breast, — what need tell the rest? —
I but knew that my brother had died;

Then I sprang to my horse. I sought death in my course,
Dashing on till I fell 'mid the brave;
But disdained still my death, I came back with my breath, —
But the place where he fell was a grave!

When a storm wracks the sea great wrecks there must be,
And waif, wood, and stray drift ashore;
And so pardon me, please, for I am of these, —
But, good-by, I will bother no more.

What! wounds on your breast? Your brow tells the rest, —
You fought at my side, and you fell?
You the brave boy that stood at my side in that wood,
On that blazing red border of hell?

My brother! My own! Never king on his throne
Knew a joy like to this brought to me.
God bless you, my life; bless your brave Northern wife,
And your beautiful babes, two and three.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

JOHNNY ON SNAKES.

SNAKES is mostly pisen, but some don't. My father says they used to walk on their tails, the same as us, but now they has to walk on their belly, for foolin' Eve; but they seem to like it that way best. Snakes is said to be the same as serpence, but I always thought a serpence was the biggest. The rattlesnake's skin is too short for him, and don't cover all his bones, and when he wiggles they make a noise. My sister's young man he says it's the fault of the rattlesnake's tailor, in a measure.

There is one which is got stripes, and it is called the garter-

snake; but it ain't got no buckle, and ain't much worn. It might be fastened with a 'asp, like a trunk, but not the elephance.

The eel would be a snake if it wasn't so good to eat, which makes 'em fish. If you put a eel in your brother's bed it will be a snake when he gets in, and he will holler wild.

There is a kind of snake which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls. Once a little boy seen one of 'em rollen, and tho't it was some boy's hoop got away, and he run after it with a stick, to roll it home for hisself; but as soon as he hit it it let go his tale and bit him good on the nose. Some folks tell fibs, and I seen it myself. That boy is now an old man, and my father and I hope it will be a warnin' to him.

Snakes eat frogs, like some people, and them in the menagerie has a rabbit. One day a big one in the menagerie swollered his blanket, and the keeper believed some boy had stole it, so he give a other, and he swollered that un too. When the keeper he come round again, and didn't see no blanket, he begun to think thinks; but the snake look up so innocent he was ashamed, and went and got him another, but he watcht. When he seen the snake swollerin' that un, too, he went and fetched a piller, and threw it to him, and said, "Now if you are going to make up your bed inside, like that, you better take this piller, and when you're turned, I'll pass you down a bottle of hot water for your feet, and make you comfortable. What time would you like to be woke up in the mornin'?"

There is snakes as long as trees, which eats goats alive. When the goat is down, they can't breathe; but the snakes can't, either, and then it is which can hold out the longest.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O queen, support me;
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear,
And listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and shattered galleys
Strew dark Achium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman, —
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the cion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star grows dim and gray,
Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, — say the gods have told me,
Altar's, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! I hear the foeman's cry;
They are coming, — quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart, exulting, swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee, —
Cleopatra! Rome! Farewell!

GEN. WM. H. LYTLE.

CLEOPATRA DYING.

SINKS the sun below the desert,
  Golden glows the sluggish Nile, —
Purple flame crowns Sphinx and Temple,
  Lights up every ancient pile
Where the old gods now are sleeping;
  Isis and Osiris great,
Guard me, help me, give me courage
  Like a queen to meet my fate!

"I am dying! Egypt! dying!"
  Let the Cæsar's army come,
I will cheat him of his glory,
  Though beyond the Styx I roam.
Shall he drag this beauty with him,
  While the crowd his triumph sings?
No, no, never! I will show him
  What lies in the blood of kings!

Though he hold the golden sceptre,
  Rule the Pharaoh's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless
  Through the sweeps of silvery sand,
He shall never say I met him
  Fawning, abject, like a slave, —
I will foil him, though to do it
  I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping! sleeping!
  Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? shall we,
  Death passed, meet and love once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps, —
  Scorn the Cæsar and his might, —
For your love I will leap boldly
  Into realms of gloom and night.

Down below the desert sinking,
  Fades Apollo's brilliant car,
And from out the distant azure
  Breaks the bright gloom of a star;

Venus, queen of Love and Beauty,
Welcomes me to Death's embrace;
Dying free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying! dying! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms;
You will welcome me, I know it, —
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark! I hear the legions coming,
Hear their cries of triumph swell;
But, proud Cæsar, dead, I scorn you.
Egypt! Antony! — Farewell!

THOS. S. COLLIER.

CHEEK.

I've known men rise through talent, though such are exceptions rare;
And some by perseverance, and industry, and care;
There are men who build up fortunes by saving a dollar a week;
But the best thing to make your way in the world is to travel upon your cheek.

Now here am I, in middle age, just able to keep alive
By working away the livelong day as hard as I can drive:
Tom Wentworth takes things easy, and rolls in his carriage by;
And cheek is the one sole reason why he is richer than I.

Why, Tom and I were schoolmates about thirty years ago;
I was reckoned one of the smartest, while at learning he was slow;
He didn't care for study, — played hookey half the week, —
But somehow always dodged the cane by the aid of consummate cheek.

"Little boys," they used to tell me, "should always be seen, not heard;"
When company came, I hung my head, and never could say a word;
But Tom was a saucy, forward cuss, well able to take his part:
So I got the name of being a fool, while every one thought him smart.

I grew up nervous and timid, — I never could blow or boast, —
So people took it for granted that Tom must know the most.
Of what avail is learning — arithmetic, Latin, or Greek —
If you haven't the talent to show it off, for lack of the requisite cheek?

Tom and I, as it happened, in love with the same girl fell,
I never could muster the courage my heart's desire to tell.
I think she liked me a little the best; but, before I dared to speak,
Tom pressed his suit, and won her hand by steady, persistent cheek.

And then Tom struck for the city. He met with ups and downs;
But always seemed to get ahead, in spite of fortune's frowns;
Like a cat, he'd always fall on his feet; was confident, bluff, and bold;
And talked with the air of a millionnaire in possession of wealth untold.

So Tom succeeded in business, and everything he'd touch, —
For people always help the man who passes as owing much, —
While I didn't have the advantage of either my brains or cash,
For want of the self-assurance and courage to make a dash.

If "modesty is a quality," as the ancient saying ran,
"Which highly adorns a woman," it oftentimes ruins a man;
And those who are shy and backward, and those who are humble and weak,
Will be elbowed aside, in the race of life, by the men who travel on cheek.

So Tom, to-day, is the millionnaire, the flourishing merchant prince;
While, as for my hopes of success in life, I've given them up long since:
But the richest blessings of Heaven are promised the poor and meek,
And men can't crowd through the pearly gates by travelling on their cheek.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right, the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

THE most independent men and women I have ever met, are those who have learned to make the best of everything. There is a mine of gold, jewels, and precious gems buried in every heart, if you will only dig deep enough to find it; but I fear there are thousands where it has been permitted to rust and tarnish for want of effort on the part of the possessor. If you have not got the things as you want them, make the best of what you have. Hundreds of men and women waste their time and energy complaining and fault-finding, making life miserable to themselves, and to all around them, complaining of hard times, yet making no effort to make their own times any better; complaining of want of respect and consideration of friends, when, indeed, they are not deserving it at all; folding their hands in idleness because they cannot get employment that they like; envying their neighbor's good health and spirits, when they would have the same if they would just try and do more towards helping themselves. Away with this class of croakers, who are always snuffing hard times in the breeze. They cannot see what the world is coming to, or how they are to live. But if they are determined to go to work in earnest and accomplish something, they will soon see what a change they can effect. I have no patience with a healthy, stout man who complains of want of employment, or lack of the necessaries of life. Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has no one to thank for it but himself, — his own idleness or pride. There is more honor in carrying a hodful of mortar, and thus earning an honest meal, than there is in looking on and eating the bread that others have earned.

Make the best of everything, and if sickness comes, you will get well all the sooner. If you are not able to labor, some kind heart will find you out and help bridge over the interval until you are. It is astonishing to me that in this broad land, there are any who should lack employment or subsistence.

Make the most of the friendship of those who are kind, and are friends indeed; not try to make the most out of them, as is often the rule. We have no patience with those who are displeased with the whole world, because they are not as well-to-do as others they know of. Ten to one your neighbor is indebted to his own strong will and determined energy for what he has. If one thing fails you, turn to another; only in this way will you ever learn how much there is in this life to cheer, console, and enjoy. It is true, we all are not situated as we would like to be. We have much to accomplish, and we shall never effect anything unless we determine to make the best of everything.

I have in my mind's eye one who was left on the cold charities of the world, an orphan, without money and without friends; not even having good health as a capital to begin with. I know him to-day as well up in the professional world, and occupying a position of which one need not be ashamed, and all the result of making the best of everything, and exerting indomitable energy.

Depend upon it, young man, the world will generally estimate a man at his par value. He may not reach it at once, but he need not fret. If you are good for anything, the public will find you out in due time. Then be up and doing; quit complaining of the hard times, and contribute to make the times softer, and you will be all the better for it.

THE DAGGER SCENE FROM 'THE WIFE.'

Enter FERRARDO, R.

Ferrardo. His heart is in my power as 'twere a thing
Which in my hand I held, and I could crush
With a grasp! Nor can it 'scape my power! her name —
That flower of woman's pride, which ta'en away,
From a bright paragon she turns a thing
For basest eyes to look askant upon —
Is blasted past the power of rain and sun
To bring it to its pristine hue again.
Now for St. Pierre — he also must to-night
Take leave of Mantua. [*Unlocks door.*] Come forth, my friend!

Enter ST. PIERRE, C.

Dost thou not know me? What an air is this!
A king could not a loftier assume
At high offence! 'Twas thus with thee last night —
Nothing but moody looks — until the count
With much persuasion waved you to our feast:
I wondered at thee.
St. Pier. Are we alone?
Fer. What's this?
St. Pier. Are we alone? where are the craven minions
That overpowered me in the corridor,
And at thy bidding dragged me hither?
Fer. Pshaw!
Art thou no wiser than to heed them? know'st not
'Twas done upon my instruction — mine — thy friend's?
St. Pier. Are we alone?
Fer. We are alone.
St. Pier. Art sure
That door is unattended? that no minions
Watch it without?
Fer. I am.
St. Pier. Wilt lock it?
Fer. [*Locking it and returning.*] There
St. Pier. [*Springing upon him.*] Villain!
Fer. What means this violence?
St. Pier. You struck me
When I contended with the recreants,
That smite this moment what the one before
They fawn'd upon! — Across their arms you struck,
And fell'd me with the blow! — now take it back!
Fer. Stop! you'll repent it if you strike!
St. Pier. I tell thee,
I ne'er received a blow from mortal man
But I did pay it back with interest! — One by one
I have parted with those virtues of a man
Which precept doth inculcate; but one grace
Remains — the growth of nature — the true shoot
Abuse could not eradicate, and leave
The trunk and root alive, — one virtue — manhood
The brow whereon doth sit disdain of threat,
Defiance of aggression, and revenge
For contumely. You did strike me! Come!
I must have blow for blow!

Fer. [*Drawing his dagger.*] Let fall thy hand
Upon my person — lo, my dagger's free,
And I will sheathe it in thy heart!
St. Pier. I care not
So I die quits with thee!
Fer. I would not kill thee,
So don't advance thy hand! Nay, listen first,
And then, if thou wilt, strike me! — Strike! — abuse
Thy friend, who, when he struck thee, was thy friend
As much as he is now, or ever was:
Who struck thee but that he should seem thy foe,
To hide indeed how much he was thy friend.
Nay, if the lack of quittance for a blow —
Which but in show was one, for 'tis the thought
That makes the act — must constitute us foes,
My dagger's up! now give a blow indeed,
For one that seemed but one.
St. Pier. I take 't in thought,
And let thy person unprofaned go.
Fer. No animal so wild it will not tame,
Save man. Come, calm thyself, sit down — as yet
Thou know'st not whether to caress thy friend
Or tear him. Should'st thou tear him? Come, sit down.
There's not a man in Italy save thee
Would fret — and he the master all at once
Of good ten thousand ducats! Still a brow!
Odd's man, be merry! rub thy hands and laugh,
Thou art rich — look here. [*Showing a casket.*
St. Pier. How came I yesternight
To sleep in the chamber of the duke? And why
This morning, when I left the anteroom,
Was I assaulted by thy minions?
Fer. Pshaw!
Enough, thou slep'st where thou didst sleep, next chamber
To the Duke's wife, and thereby mad'st thy fortune.
For every ducat of the sum I named
Is thine — but render me one service more.
St. Pier. Name it.
Fer. Just write for me in boasting vein,
Confession thou didst pillow yesternight
There, where the honor of the duke forbids
That head save his should lie.
Why do you gaze? 'Tis easily done.

St. Pier. It is.
Fer. It takes but pen and ink and here they are;
Make use of time; the hour that is not used
Is lost, and might have been the luckiest,
Converted to account: what ponder'st thou?
St. Pier. The manner best to execute thy wish:
I'm hardly in the vein — 'twould put me into 't
Would'st thou relate the means whereby I came
To lie in the duke's chamber.
Fer. 'Twould retard thee.
St. Pier. No, it will rather help me. When I write
Ofttimes I miss the thought, too much intent
On finding it, — looking at something else,
Lo, there it stands before me of itself!
How came I in the chamber of the duke?
Fer. You supped, you may remember, with the count
And me?
St. Pier. I do.
Fer. 'Twas planned between us.
St. Pier. Well?
Fer. And for our end we kept the revel up —
I mean the count and I — for, as I said
Before, thou wast not in the joyous vein, —
Till all the palace had retired to rest.
St. Pier. My lord, may 't please you, stop — my thought has come.
A fair commencement! excellent! most fair!
You see how much you help me! — there — go on:
You revelled till the palace was at rest —
What then?
Fer. Why, then, finding thee jealous still
Of the kindly grape, we drugged your cup, and when
The potion worked, conveyed you in your sleep —
To sound or stir profound as that of death —
Into the chamber of the duke, — of the key
Of which I keep a duplicate, — and there
We laid you in his bed.
St. Pier. Break off again
While I go on. — You see, my lord, how great
A help you are to me! It comes as fast
As though I were inditing what you spoke —
Your grace rehearsed to me Most excellent:
And now proceed again.

Fer. Where left I off?
St. Pier. Where you had laid me in his highness' bed.
Fer. You're right. There left we thee to sleep that night
With a partition only 'twixt his wife
And thee, and that made frailer by a door, —
The lock of which I from its use absolved,
And casting 'neath her highness' couch thy scarf,
As proof of closer neighborhood to her,
Withdrew to foretaste of revenge.
St. Pier. Enough!
Fer. Enough?
St. Pier. Tut, tut! I only meant
Your highness to break off, while I resume.
My thoughts do flow again — better and better!
Your grace — a hundred ducats, I have done
Almost as soon as you — go on — what end
Proposed your highness to yourself by this?
Fer. To blast her name, and in the death of that
Involve my cousin's life! Accordingly
By my direction wert thou watched and seized,
And hither brought as partner in a crime,
Whose penalty is death — which thou shalt 'scape —
'Scape with enriched life — so ne'er again
Thou show'st thy face in Mantua, and keep'st
Thy counsel.
St. Pier. [*Writing.*] Have you done?
Fer. I have.
St. Pier. And so
Have I — a fair commencement! better far
Continuation! and the winding up
The fairest of the whole! howsoe'er of that
Your highness shall be judge: — 'sdeath, here's a word
I did not mean to write, for one I wanted!
I needs must take it out. — I pray your highness
Lend me a knife.
Fer. I have not one.
St. Pier. Well, then,
Your dagger — if the edge of it is sharp.
Fer. There 'tis.
St. Pier. And there is the confession, duke,
Sign it.
Fer. Why, this is my confession!
St. Pier. Ay,
Indeed, your highness?

Fer. Word for word.
St. Pier. You'll own
I'm something of a clerk — I hardly hoped
It would have pleased your highness! My lord duke,
Sign the confession.
Fer. Why?
St. Pier. It pleases me.
If that contents thee not, I'm in thy power,
And I'd have thee in mine! Your highness sees
I am frank with you.
Fer. Can it be you, St. Pierre?
St. Pier. No — it is you! — and not the peasant lad
Whom fifteen years ago in evil hour
You chanced to cross upon his native hills, —
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit
Which suited you, and tempted it; who took
Your hint and followed you to Mantua
Without his father's knowledge — his old father
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and heaven would spare,
Blessed him one night, ere he laid down to sleep,
And waking in the morning found him gone!
[FERRARDO *attempts to rise*
Move not, or I shall move — you know me!
Fer. Nay,
I'll keep my seat. St. Pierre, I trained thee like
A cavalier!
St. Pier. You did — you gave me masters,
And their instructions quickly I took up
As they did lay them down! I got the start
Of my contemporaries! — not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,
Or rule a horse with me! you gave me all —
All the equipments of a man of honor, —
But you did find a use for me, and made
A slave, a profligate of me. [FERRARDO *about to rise.*
I charge you keep your seat!
Fer. You see I do!
St. Pierre, be reasonable! — you forget
There are ten thousand ducats.
St. Pier. Give me, duke,
The eyes that looked upon my father's face!
The hands that helped my father to his wish!

The feet that flew to do my father's will!
The heart that bounded at my father's voice!
And say that Mantua were built of ducats,
And I could be its duke at cost of these,
I would not give them for it! Mark me, duke!
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the head-stone read my father's name; —
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come —
To seek the child that had deserted him —
And died here, — ere he found me.
Heaven can tell how far he wandered else!
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And rising thence, I fled from Mantua. Nor had returned
But tyrant hunger drove me back again
To thee — to thee! — My body to relieve
At cost of my dear soul! I have done thy work,
Do mine! and sign me that confession straight.
I'm in your power, and I'll have thee in mine!

Fer. Art thou indeed in earnest?

St. Pier. Look in my eyes.

Fer. St. Pierre, perhaps I have underpaid thee?

St. Pier. Sign!

Fer. I'll double the amount!

St. Pier. Come, sign!

Fer. St. Pierre,
Will forty thousand ducats please thee?

St. Pier. There's
The dial, and the sun is shining on it —
The shadow is on the very point of twelve —
My case is desperate! Your signature
Of vital moment is unto my peace!
My eye is on the dial! Pass the shadow
The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair
As can my eye discern — and, that unsigned,
The steel is in thy heart — I speak no more!

Fer. St. Pierre? — Not speak? — St. Pierre!

St. Pier. Is it signed?

Fer. [*Writing hurriedly.*] It is!

St. Pier. Your signet, as a proof I am at large.
Now take my station in that closet — No
Attempt at an alarm. — In, in, I say!
Hold wind we'll make the port. — I thank your highness!

[*Opens door, speaks aloud, and Exit*

THE CALIF.

[From the French of Florian.]

In Eastern legends the story is told
How the calif Almamon, in days of old,
Built him a palace that far outshone
That wonderful dwelling of Solomon.
One hundred columns, as white as the snow,
Upheld the magnificent portico;
These columns were wrought with great skill and care
From pure alabaster, costly and rare.
The grand entrance gleamed with jasper and gold
And lapis-lazuli of value untold;
And an endless vista of beautiful rooms,
Where the choicest production of marvellous looms,
The panels of cedar so skilfully wrought,
The pictures and statues from many lands brought,
With odorous blossoms, choice, lovely, and rare,
Charmed and delighted the eye everywhere
The couches were covered with rich, silken spreads,
And close by the side of these soft, dainty beds,
Murmuring fountains sang sweet lullabies,
That might woo balmy sleep to the wakefullest eyes.
And what could the calif Almamon ask more?
Why — there, just in front of his grand-entrance door
Stood a poor little cot — old, and ready to tumble,
Abode of a weaver, poor, honest, and humble,
Who, though he worked hard, and received but small pay
Found much to enjoy in his own simple way.

"Of course, the old hovel must not be left there,"
The haughty grand-vizier was heard to declare.
"Why waste any words? Let it now be laid low."
But the calif was lord, and the calif said "No!
We must buy it before we touch the first stone."
They went to the weaver. In no kindly tone,
The calif's decision they hastily told,
And threw down before him a bag full of gold.
But the old man replied, "Nay, take back your gold.
My labor supports me, although I am old.
And as to my cottage, I cannot agree
To give up the dwelling so precious to me.

Here my old father died — Allah grant that I may
Die, too, in this spot where I first saw the day!
The calif has power — he can do what he will,
But while one stone remains here I shall be still
Bitterly weeping in grief and despair.
Should the calif persist in a deed so unfair,
His conscience will never permit him to rest."
The vizier was angry, and eagerly pressed
The calif to punish the insolent knave;
But the calif made answer in tones sweet and grave,
"Nay — I'll have the old cot put in thorough repair —
It will add to my glory to have it stand there.
My palace will show I was great and august,
But this cottage will show that Almamon *was just!*"

IDA T. THURSTON

THE MAN WICH DIDN'T DRINK WOTTER.

ONCE there was a man wich didn't bleeve in drinkin wotter, cos heed tuk a noshen into his hed that wotter was weeknin to the boddy, so he drank logger beer all of the time, and told everybody that was the way to be a sentinarian. But one day he seen a piece in a paper wich sed that logger was mor'n ninety per sent wotter. He was mity tuk down, and sed heed thot ol along that logger was tu thin for the human systum, and he lade in a big kag of wine. After heed drunk the wine most ol, he told a kolege professer he gessed a man wich drunk wine wud liv to be a hundred and 20 years old. But the kolege professer he told him that wine was aity per sent wotter. Then the man he felt offle bad, and he ast the kolege professer if he dident kno of a drink which dident hav no wotter in it. Then the kolege professer he laft, and he sed he gest absloot alkeholl wud fil the bil. The man he sed heed get sum and fil his bil; so he went to a pothekerry and bot a pint of absloot alkeholl, and wen he got home he drunk it ol up. Then he lade down on his bed and kolled his wife and children around him, and he sed, "Mi wife and children Ime going to die cos Ive drunk so much wotter ol my life. Lurn from my sad fait to eschu drinkin wotter." Then he dide, and his widder and orfuns felt dreffle bad, cos heed ben a good husband and father.

MICE AT PLAY.

FOUR children sat around a wood-fire, in an old-fashioned country-house. The red embers blazed up merrily, and showed four flushed little faces, four very tangled heads of hair, eight bright, merry eyes, and — I regret extremely to add — eight very dirty little hands, belonging, respectively, to Bess, Bob, Archie, and Tom. Mamma was away, you may be sure. If she were at home, the children would have made a very different appearance. O yes, indeed, quite and entirely different!

The round table was wheeled in front of the fire, and the student-lamp in the centre shed its light on Tom's letter, which he was writing to his mother.

Archie was leaning back in the large chair; his arm, which he had broken in riding the trick-mule of the circus the day before, was in a splint; but judging from the rapid disappearance of the gingerbread on the plate near him, it is to be doubted if new cider, trick-mules, or broken arms seriously impair the appetite.

"Bess, stop jogging the table! How on earth can a fellow write with you around?"

"Read what you've written," said Bess.

"Yes, do," chimed in Archie. They were both anxious to know what account their mother would receive of their performance.

"Wait till it's done," answered Tom. Writing a letter was no joke for Thomas Bradley, junior.

"How on earth do you spell *circus*?" he asked.

"S-u-r-k-e-ss," answered Bess, promptly.

"No you don't!" cried Tom. "I know better."

"If you know so much, why do you ask?" retorted Bess.

"Oh, come, Bess! do think, can't you?"

"There is a *c* in it," put in Archie; "for I saw the big red-and-blue posters in the village, and I know there was a *c* in cuss."

"Then it's c-i-r-k-i-s," said Bess.

"Yes; I guess that's right," said Tom, thoughtfully, writing the word, and then holding his head back from the paper, first on one side and then on the other, to see if it looked natural.

"I'm not exactly sure," he said, at last. "It looks kinder queer. And mamma does make such a row if I don't spell right! What's the use in spelling, any way? If the folks know

what you mean, that's enough — one way is as good as another. Pshaw!" he continued, "I don't believe it is right. See here, Bob! you're a first-rate little boy — a real, regular first-rate good boy, you are."

"If it's up-stairs, I won't," declared Bob, who knew that flattery always preceded errands. Bob was one of the kind who learned by experience.

"Oh, yes, Bobby! That's a lovely harness you've made for pussy. I couldn't have done better myself. You know where my dictionary is, up in my room, on the table. Run along and get it, — that's a good boy."

Bob kept on with his work.

"Come, Bobby," said Tom, encouragingly.

"Go yourself!" was Bob's polite suggestion.

"Oh, I'm so tired. I've done nothing but run for doctors all day long. Come, Bob, I'll tell mamma what a good boy you are, if you will."

"Won't you tell her I dropped the teapot down the well?" asked Bob.

"Oh, did you?" cried Tom, Bess, and Archie, all in a breath.

Bob nodded his head, and looked at them all with a calm stare.

"Which one?" asked the three children, anxiously.

"The big silver one," said Bob.

"How? Why? What were you doing with it?"

"The gardener wouldn't lend me the watering-pot, and I wanted to water my garden, so I just thought that would do instead; and I went to fill it at the well, and the bucket hit it right over into the well. It was the bucket's fault. I ain't to blame."

"Whe-e-ew!" at last whistled Tom.

"If you won't tell mamma, I'll go for your book," said Bob.

"Well, I won't tell her in this letter, any way.

"Don't tell her at all," insisted Bob.

"If you don't go right off and get it, I'll write it this moment."

"I'll go, I'll go!" cried Bob.

"That's the worst scrape yet," said Bess. "For if I did get lost, I was found again; and if I did tear my clothes, they are all mended now; and if Archie did break his arm, he's got it mended now, too; but the teapot! That's dropped down the well, and there it is."

Bessie's argument was convincing. There was no more to be said.

After a while, Tom's letter was finished, and ran as follows:

"DEAR MAMMA: I wish you was home. We have dun a good menny bad things. Bess got lost in the woods, and most drowned in Rainy Pond. I shot Kate thru the head with a squirt of water, and most killed her. Archie broke his arm trying to wride the trik-mule at the curkis. Bob has dun worst of all; but I said I woodn't tel that. Bob has dun a dredful thing; but I sed I woodn't tel, so I won't. It's orful. Papa is very good to us, and don't make us wash too much. The bred is orful; Maggy is cross. But we're all well, except Archy's arm, and Dr. Jarvis says if he don't get fever he will get wel.

"Your loveing son,

TOM.

"P. S. You wil feel orful bad about what Bob 's dun."

The next morning all four children were gathered around the well, at the bottom of which lay the silver teapot.

"I see it, I see it!" cried Tom, eagerly. "It's down at the bottom."

"Did you suppose it would float?" asked Bess.

"Let me see," cried Bob.

"You clear out," said Archie; "you've made all this mischief. You'd better go before you tumble in yourself, you little goose. I can't go after it, with my broken arm."

"Now, I suppose we will hear of nothing but your broken arm for a month, and you'll shirk everything for it. 'I can't study 'cause my arm 's broken; I can't go errands 'cause my arm 's broken; I can't go to church 'cause my arm 's broken:' that will be your whim, Archie; but don't try your dodges on me, for I won't stand it. If it really hurts you, I'm sorry, and I'll lick any fellow that touches you till you get well again; but none of your humbug. Of course you can't go down the well; you couldn't if your arm wasn't broken."

Meanwhile Bess had gone to the house for a long fishing-pole, and soon returned carrying it.

"We'll fasten a hook to the end of it and fish the teapot up," said she.

"Ho, ho! Do you suppose it will bite like a fish?" laughed Tom.

"No, I do not, Tom Bradley. But I suppose if I tie a string to the pole, and fasten an iron hook to one end, that I can wiggle it round in the water till the hook catches in the handle, and then we can draw it up. That's what I suppose."

"There's something in that, Bess. Let me try."

"No; go and get one for yourself."

"But where can I find one?"

"In the smoke-house, where I got mine."

"Oh, get me one, too," cried Bob.

"And me one, too," cried Archie.

Before half an hour had passed, the four children, all armed with fishing-poles, were intently wiggling in the water, catching their hooks in the stones by the side of the well, entangling their lines, digging their elbows into each other's sides, in their frantic attempts to pull their hooks loose, scolding, pushing, and getting generally excited.

Every few minutes Tom would pull Bess back by her sun-bonnet, and save her from tumbling over in her eagerness; but so far from being grateful to her deliverer, Bess resented the treatment indignantly.

"Stop jerking my head so!" she cried.

"You'll be in, in a minute; you'd have been in then, if I hadn't jerked you," answered Tom.

"Well, what if I had? Let me alone. If I go in, that's my own lookout."

"Your own look in, you mean. My gracious! wouldn't you astonish the toads down there! But you'd get your face clean."

"Now, Tom, you let me be. I 'most had it that time."

"So you've said forty times. This is all humbug. I'm going down on the rope for it."

"Oh, no, Tom; please don't. Indeed you'll be drowned; the rope will break; you'll kill yourself; you'll catch cold," cried Bess, in alarm.

Pooh! girl! coward!" retorted thankless Tom. "Who's afraid of what? Stand back, small boys, I'm going in."

"You'll poison the water," suggested Archie.

"It will be so cold," moaned Bob.

"I'll scream for a hundred years, without stopping, Tom," cried Bess, wildly. "You shan't go down — you shan't; I'll call some one. Murray! Peter! Maggie! c-o-o-o-o-o-o-me! O-o-o-o-h, c-o-o-o-o-me!"

"Stop screaming, and help. Now, do you three hold on tight to this bucket; don't let go for a moment; pull away as hard as you can when I tell you to. Now for it."

And, without more ado, Tom clung to the other rope with his hands, and twisted his feet around the bucket-handle.

"Hold on tight, and let me down easy," said Tom; and the three children lowered him little by little.

A sudden splash and shiver told them he had reached water, and a shout of triumph declared that the teapot was rescued.

As Tom shouted, all the children let go the rope and rushed to the side of the well to look at the victorious hero.

It was a most fortunate circumstance that the water in the well was low. As it was, he stood in the cold water up to his shoulders.

"What made you let go?" roared Tom.

"Oh, Tom, have you got it? Have you, really? Ain't it cold? Are you hurt? Were you scared? Is the teapot broken?"

"Draw me up! You silly children! You goose of a Bess! Why don't you draw me up?"

"I will, Tom; I'm going to," answered Bess.

But all the united efforts could not raise Tom.

"I'll run next door and call Mr. Wilson," said Bess, hopefully, and started.

As Bess ran, she was suddenly stopped at the gate by the sight of a carriage which had just driven up, and out of which now stepped aunt Maria and aunt Maria's husband, uncle Daniel. These were the very grimmest and grandest of all the relations.

For one awful moment Bess stood stunned. Then her anxiety for Tom overcame every other consideration, and before aunt Maria could say, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" she had caught her uncle by his august coat-tail, and, in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope.

"Pull on a rope, Elizabeth!" said uncle Daniel, who was a very slow man; "why should I pull on a rope, my dear?"

"Oh, come quick! hurry faster! Tom's down in the well!" cried Bess.

"Tom down a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess; "the silver teapot, and we can't pull him up again; and he's cramped with cold. Oh, do hurry!"

Uncle Daniel leisurely looked down at Tom. Then he slowly took off his coat, and as slowly carried it into the house, stopped to give an order to his coachman, came with measured pace to the three frightened children; then took hold of the rope, gave a long, strong calm pull, and in an instant Tom, "Dripping with coolness, arose from the well."

JAN STEENER'S RIDE.

A STORY is it, you want, little man?
Well, come and sit on your grandfather's knee;
And I'll do the best that ever I can —
It's one *my* grandfather told to me.

Folks think me young for eighty; well,
He was almost ninety, and hale and bright,
And I was sitting, as you are now,
Snug in his arms one winter night.

Said he: "When I was a smart young man —
Before the Dutch had the country lost —
There stood a church on the village-green,
Right in the middle where two roads crossed.

It stood as flush with the village street
As the top o' your head with the palm o' my hand
So; and running from east to west,
Open each end to the pleasant land,

Spread out like a picture, the broad-aisle ran,
With the dominie's pulpit a bit one side
Of the upper end; and there he stood,
Sounding his trumpet far and wide,

One Sabbath morning, as pretty a day
As ever the Lord God chose to make;
And what do you think was the Bible-text
The dear old dominie chanced to take

That morning, but one from the 'Pocalypse
'Bout the great white horse and his rider Death?
He was just beginning on 'ninthly,' and
The people were most of them holding their breath,

When, all at once, in at the open door,
And up the aisle with a thunderous sound,
Riding as white a horse as a man
Could find in all the country round,

There came a horseman galloping fast —
A single flash — he had come and gone,
Leaving a hundred Dutch-folk there,
With their hearts in their breasts like an icy stone.

And the dominie he was scared the worst
Of 'em all; he trembled and shivered and shook,
And gripped the pulpit as if he thought
The dreadful day of the Holy Book

Had come for sure; and, at last, he said:
'What we have seen I dare not say;
But, if it be a sign of the end,
There is need for us all to watch and pray.'

So with prayer and blessing the frightened folk
Were all to their various homes dismissed;
But one old burgher said, and swore,
As he shook like a hammer his grimy fist,

He'd 'bet a thousand thalers to one
That the man who rode and the clattering steed
Were just a younker of flesh and blood
And a handsome horse of the Flemish breed.'

And, in truth, he wasn't much out, my lad!
I ought to know, for the horse was mine,
And I was the younker that struck aghast
The dominie preaching his number nine.

Don't look so solemn! You see, that day
I was bound to see the prettiest girl
That ever looked in a looking-glass
To conquer a wilful and wandering curl.

And the shortest way to her side was through
The meeting-house aisle; so through I went.
A minute's difference, more or less;
But life at the longest will soon be spent.

And the love of a girl who is sweet and true
Is a thing so precious beneath the sun,
That one of its minutes is worth an age
Of hearts that never such bliss have won."

This is the story my grandfather told
To yours; it was fourscore years ago.
That is my grandmother's picture there;
Do you wonder much that he loved her so?

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

SETTING A HEN.

I SEE dot most efferpody wrides someding for de shicken bapers nowtays, und I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, so I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht summer. You know — oder uf you dond know, den I dells you — dot Katrina (dot is mein vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me: "Sockery (dot is mein name) vy dond you put some of de aigs under dot old plue hen shickens? I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill." So I picked out some uf de pest aigs und dook um oud to de parn fare de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de hay-mow, poud five or six veet up. Now you see I nefer vas ferry pig up und town, but I vas booty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel do stant on. Vell, I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my hed risht up by de nesht, dot old hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted old parrel he preak, und I vent town kershlam; py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go inside a parrel pefore; but dere I vos, und I fit so dite I koodn't get me oud efferway; my fest vas bushed vay up under my arm-holes.

Ven I fount I vas dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood und aigs, by cholly, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I said, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" Und she sat up und said, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like

she voot split herself more as effer. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she shbeak English booty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery;" den she laidt me und de parrel town on our side, und I dook holt de door-sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel; but de first bull she mate I yelled, "Donner und blitzen! sthop dat, by cholly, dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails pent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount.

Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naper Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he koom und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too; but he roll me ofer, und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit haf a parrel round my vaist; den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a little till I get a battern of dot new ofer-skirt you haf on;" but I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a knife oud und vittle de hoops off, und shling dot confountet old parrel in dot voot-pile. Pimeby, ven I koom in de house, Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you goin to put some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest woice, "Katrina, uf you uffer say dot to me again, I'll git a pill from you — help me chiminy gracious!" und I dell you, she didn't say dot any more! Vell, ven I shtep on a parrel now, I dond shtep on it; I git a pox.

THE MARKED GRAVE.

Bowie's rangers, out on the trail,
Had galloped from early dawn;
But the prairie-road was cool and sweet,
And green as a garden lawn.
And the strong air stirred the blood like wine —
The strong air, scented with flowers and pine.

Silent and stern, and ready to fight,
They followed the Indian foe,
Till Bowie cried, "Let the bridles fall,
For the sun is sinking low.
We must feed and rest or we shall fail,
Though fifty miles on the Lipan trail."

They had reached the grove of mighty oaks,
  Into the shadows they went;
The saddles were loosened, and beasts and men
  Were glad of their leafy tent.
Said Bowie, "Just take your rifle, Hays,
And see how the land around us lays.

The youth went forward with head-up step;
  Came back with a quicker tread:
"Captain, I found beneath yon oak
  A man that is —" "Dead?" "Quite dead.
His saddle and whip beside him lay,
I reckon his horse has strayed away."

Yes, dead he lay in the blowing grass,
  Lay sleeping like any child,
One arm was under his curly head,
  His lips still faintly smiled.
Booted and spurred he had gone to rest,
But looked like a man that death had blessed.

There was not a wound, or mark, or stain;
  There was not a line to tell
From whence he came, or what was his name,
  Nor where he was wont to dwell.
"Well, no matter," said Bowie, "because,
Where we know nothing at all, *God knows!*"

They dug him a grave beneath the oak,
  And Bowie, with a hunting-knife,
Cut deep in its living bark the date
  When the stranger stepped from life.
Then, glancing down, with a solemn pause,
Cut under the date two words: "*God knows!*"

LILLIE E. BARR.

A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL'S VIEWS OF LIFE.

I'm only a little girl, but I think I have as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. I hate boys; they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner-table, and never tell us when they are going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fire-works, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony. His mother was gone out to buy some *creme de lis* to put on her face, and he'd been and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of Castile soap: he stole them from the housekeeper. Just when she went to put them in the closet, Gus went in and told her that Mrs. Nettle wanted her a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and matches, and when she came back he watched her; and she got real mad, and she scolded Della (that is the chambermaid), and said she knew she did it; and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed, the other day, Della slapped me, and said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me. Then Bessie and me stuck the matches in the soap like ten-pins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned a little gas on, so 's his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, 'cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for the children if they sit at the table in the big dining-room. Once my mother let me go down with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman who sat next to us said, "Little girls should be seen and not heard." The hateful old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Della so, and she said if I went and said things like that, I couldn't go to heaven. Much she knows about it! and I wouldn't want to go if she went there. Yesterday, Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saves candies for me from the big dining-room. And Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "Oh, my, what a lie!" And Bessie Nettle went into her mother's room, and her little brother said she hit him, and Bessie said, "Oh, my, what a lie!" and you should have

heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut ner up in a dark room, where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water; and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the keyhole, and said, "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you!" and Bessie screamed, and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked; and Gus says he's a mind to set the house on fire some day, and burn her out.

One day I went into the parlor and crept under the sofa, and there wasn't anybody there. They don't let dogs nor children go into the parlor, and I think it's real mean; and I had to creep under the sofa, so nobody could see me. And Mr. Boyce came in, and Miss Jackson. She said one day that children was worse nuisances than dogs. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came in and sat down on the sofa; and he said, "O Louisa, I do love you so much!" and then he kissed her, for I heard it smack. And then she said, "O Thomas, I do wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" And he said, "No, dearest;" and I screamed out, "Oh, what a big story!" for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night, when the gas was turned down. Didn't he jump up? and he pulled me out and tore my frock, and he said, "Oh, you wicked child! where do you expect to go to for telling such stories?" and I told him to just stop his noise. And I wish that man would die, like the other one, so I do; and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

THE DANDY FIFTH.

'Twas the time of the workingmen's great strike
When all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
That labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets
Marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops,
The tillers of the soil;

White-faced militia-men looked on,
While women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then —
'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
A carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which
A young patrician lay.
And as, with haughty glance, he swept
Along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met,
And soon the chairman said:
"There hides a Judas in our midst,
One man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee
When capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"
Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
Erect his head of gray —
"I am no traitor, though I bowed
To a rich man's son to-day;
And though you kill me as I stand —
As like you mean to do —
I want to tell you a story short,
And I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first,
The Old Flag to defend,
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant,
I followed to the end;
And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
Came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut;
They brought hampers of good wine;

And every squad had a nigger, too,
To keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,'
And, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,
When we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort
The Rebs tried hard to take,
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught
While it held out could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then —
The reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
Hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid,
And each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns
Boom like a funeral knell;
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,
And then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
Still back of the drifting smoke.

"With the bands all front and our colors spread
We swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone, —
They had dreaded that the most, —
The next their last scant ration went,
And each man looked a ghost,

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation — though not defeat —
Draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
Could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
Save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns,
Grim sentinels in blue;
And their Col'nel, *he* could not speak or stir,
But we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff,
Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
While the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us — to laugh
At the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

THE HOLLY BRANCH.

"YES, I shall be shot at dawn," as you say —
My life shall pass with the rising day,
All for this dead and scentless branch,
This thorny and withered holly spray.
You do not believe — well, it matters not;
Many have died for as small a thing —
A glance, a smile, or a look of love,
Or a tear like the dews of spring.

This is the ilex of France; you see
That the flush of the scarlet fruit is fled —
Nothing now but a withered branch,
Like a tender trust that is crushed and dead.
I have kept it long on my heart — why not?
Pressed down with a longing and yearning hate;
The bullets at dawn I shall scarcely feel,
For vengeance is mine! they will come too late!

You want my story of life — ah! well,
My life that has seemed such a weary way

To my tired heart, that was only gloom
When others around me were glad and gay.
"How came I here in this dungeon dread?"
There are many wronged come here to dwell,
Whose wrongs led down to the deeps of crime;
'Tis little I know, but 'tis hard to tell.

I shall ever remember that Christmas eve,
With its rosy glow and its golden light —
And the holly branch, with its glistening green,
And its thorn, that was flung to me that night.
I stood on the steep of the ruined wall,
Deep shadowed over with ilex sprays,
And I saw look down from a casement old
A fairy face with its saucy gaze.

She stood, framed in by the casement dim,
Her shoulders, like snow-flakes, were white and bare
And sweeping back with a halo's light
I saw the gleam of her golden hair.
'Twas a vision of joy — entranced I stood
Looking up through the leaves that danced,
Till she, with a nod and an elfin laugh,
Cast down upon me this holly branch.

She sat all day at her work, alone —
Weaving the threads of the filmy lace,
And under the sweep of her sunny hair
Shadows would darken her delicate face.
We often met. I was happy then —
Happier still when I knew her mine —
When the good old priest his blessing gave
As we wedded were at the holy shrine.

We went to Paris. 'Twas early spring
When we left our cot and the vines behind,
Our home was under the dreary eaves —
Why was I made so strangly blind?
I was very poor — but I gave her all,
My life was hers, and my soul — I meant
To be great one day — for I labored hard —
And she, my fairy, she seemed content.

She would sit at the window (*he* saw her there)
To watch, she said, for my coming home —
Would twine her white arms about my neck
And murmur — "Lonely? I'm *always* alone."
I was often away — on the stage each night,
Playing the part of a prince or a fiend;
In my home, and parting my love from me,
Was the "shadow that came between."

'Twas late one night when I reached my room,
After the play of the "Bridal Morn" —
The lamp still burned — her work still there —
But the fairy light of my life was gone!
I know no more. I've been wandering long.
God! will this darkness have never an end?
Will the dawning bring me the light I crave?
Will death bring peace, do you say, my friend?

The war broke out, and we rushed to arms,
I met him there in the royal rank —
When the cheers went up and the sabres clashed,
And swords blushed red with the blood they drank,
Side by side as we fought one day,
He was my colonel — perhaps you know —
The hate in my heart grew dark as death.
You don't understand it? 'Twas even so.

The hate in my heart grew stronger than I —
I thought of my fairy, and all my woe —
Of the wrong he had wrought in his careless pride,
And the branch in my bosom that stung me so.
We mutinied — riding 'mid smoke and fire
He ordered surrender! — *I* shot him down —
He was my colonel — I laughed to see
The death-dews dampen his locks of brown.

After that? — nothing. We failed, I think, —
But *he* lay on the field there cold and stark;
You wonder a holly branch caused it all —
But the thorns prick deep — they have left their mark!
Well — I have fought long in the ranks of France —
And I shall be shot when the night is fled;
But, bury my ilex — just here — on my heart;
'Tis of little value — you see it is dead!

"BROWNIE."

ANTOINETTE.

WARMLY sheltered from wind and rain
In a kiosque, Place de la Madeleine,
Some years ago in Paris I met
The little flower-girl Antoinette,
With her soft gray eyes, and her braids of jet
Crowning her head like a coronet,
Avenante, gentille, mais pas coquette.
When dandies ogled she turned away
And had no smile for *les petits crevés.*
She sat all day in a bower of bloom,
Like a shrine pervaded by sweet perfume,
Incense from roses and mignonette,
And saint-like seemed innocent Antoinette.
Deftly her slender fingers wove
Tokens of friendship and tokens of love,
Tokens for others, *her* heart was free,
And she sang at her task — how joyously!

A Sister of Charity passed one day,
And paused to admire her floral display.
"What joy," said the Sister, "if I could bring
To my patients a floral offering!
But I must not think of it — woe is me!
I'm a very poor Sister of Charity,
And have no coin for the florist's fee."
Antoinette's smile was joyous and gay.
"*Comme ça se trouve!*" she hastened to say,
"I am overstocked with flowers to-day,
I cannot sell — I must give them away.
Here's heliotrope and here's mignonette,
And here are roses with dew-drops wet,
A gem like a tear in each calyx set."
"Thanks," said the Sister, "now take from me
This little cross and this rosary —
The gift of a friend ere she sank to rest,
By our Holy Father the beads were blest.
When you tell them o'er, give thought to me,
And a prayer for poor Sister Rosalie."

It were long to tell how the enemy came
And circled the city with steel and flame;

How his batteries vomited shot and shell;
How Paris struggled and starved and fell;
How fiends arose to the work of hell!
And flowers there were none to buy or sell.

In the Place Vendome! whom have we here
In the janty dress of a vivandière?
With a carbine swinging *en bandoulière*,
With a scarlet cap on her black curls set?
'Tis our little flower-girl, Antoinette.

Weeks roll on and the Terror is past;
The Versailles troops have entered at last.
Through the Arch of Triumph they storm their way,
But the rebels savagely stand at bay.
Fierce and erect on a barricade,
With the fatal scarlet banner displayed,
Grasping the staff, with her white teeth set, —
So the chief has ordered — stands Antoinette.
"*Vive la Commune!*" burst from her lips,
And day grows night in a swift eclipse.
The air is swept by a storm of lead,
And the little vivandière falls dead.
Through his thick mustache the lieutenant hissed,
As he glared on the fallen Communiste,
"Take this dead she-devil away, and pitch
Her carcass into the nearest ditch!"
But a Sister of Charity, robed in black,
With a thin white hand waved the soldiers back.
"Dare not to touch her!" she said; "she's mine.
Ecce signum! behold the sign!"
And, pressing a kiss on the gray lips cold,
She lifted the beads and the cross of gold.
"In the maddening whirl of an evil day
Her reason tottered and went astray.
Swept into the vortex of civil strife,
She sealed her faith with her glad young life.
And over her body shall prayers be said
In spite of the cause for which she bled."

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

CLARIBEL'S PRAYER.

THE day, with cold, gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell
But waking Blue Eyes smiled, "'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her *free*, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father," — still arose another pleading prayer, —
"Oh, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell.
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night,
The heavy air was thrilled with clangor of a bell.
"Oh, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! Oh, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
And in the fiery rain? Oh, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother *evermore* with *conquerors* shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing *crowns*, and bearing *palms*," he said.
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose-lips fell.
"Oh, sweetest herald, say my brother *lives*," she plead.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel.
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night-wind rose and fell.
"Oh, child," — the herald wept, — "'tis as the dear Lord wills:
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis *well*."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

LYNDE PALMER.

THE MARRIAGE OF SANTA CLAUS.

ONCE Santa Claus sobered and said with a sigh,
While a tear added lustre to each twinkling eye,
"Oh! I'm getting so lonely and weary of life,
I need a companion, or, better, a wife;
But where could I find one to share my joy,
And love, as I love, every girl and each boy."
He thought and he pondered, this jolly recluse,
Then he shouted, "I have it; 'tis Old Mother Goose."
He was off in a jiffy, he whistled, his sled
O'er the snow like the flight of a sky-rocket sped,
And his reindeer snorted, with heads high and haughty,
And trotted along at the rate of two-forty.
So he found the old lady, of course, very soon —
She had just returned from a trip to the moon,
And was fixing her cap, slightly mussed by the ride,
While the cobwebs were thick in the broom by her side.
She was old, she was weazened, she had a great nose,
Yet her eyes were as bright as the plumage of crows,
And her voice, tho' 'twas cracked, had a ring very sweet,
And her dress, tho' 'twas queer, was most awfully neat.
And Santa Claus blushed as he said, "How d'ye do?"
The dame courtesied low, and replied, "Sir, to you."
"Will you have me?" he prays; "my darling, confess."
She hesitates, murmurs, and then whispers, "Yes.
But my children!" she cries, with the usual pause.
"Why, children, I love 'em," said bluff Santa Claus.

'Bring 'em out — where are they? I want 'em! cries he,
So forth troop they all in a great company.
First comes a fair maiden, and know her we should
By the wolf and her granny — 'tis Red Riding-hood;
While after them, fearfully blowing his horn,
Is Little Boy Blue on his way from the corn;
And the notes of the music he sweetly doth play
Brings the piper's son Tom from the hills far away.
And then with a jump and a roll down the hill
With pails and with water bounce poor Jack and Jill.
Their crowns were both broken, and help they implore
From Old Mother Hubbard and Margery Daw,
As well as a nameless man, tattered and torn,
Who is kissing and kissing a maiden forlorn.
And forth from her garden, in a way quite contrary,
With fruits and with flowers, comes sweet Mistress Mary;
Then Simon the simple returns from the fair,
With the pie-man, most cautious in selling his ware;
While dragging their tails behind flock in the sheep
Of the wandering shepherdess Little Bo Peep.
A very old woman lugs up a great shoe,
And out jump her children, a boisterous crew;
Some sing and some dance, and some of them play
"The Mulberry Bush" and "Rain, rain go away."
But one little boy slinks off in the corner
And munches a pie — 'tis greedy Jack Horner;
While poor Tommy Tucker expects some in vain,
And bewails his fate with Tom Grace, who's in pain.
But music has charms, and they list to the song
Of that jolly musician the young Richard Long.
Then Old King Cole and his fiddlers three
Bring up the rear of this vast company;
"They are just what I want," shouts old Santa Claus;
Mother Goose and her children ring out their applause.
"Now all jump aboard — our new home we'll explore;
On my sled there has ever been 'room for one more.'"
With shouts and with laughter they tumbled within,
And wrapped buffalo robes close beneath every chin;
The reindeer they galloped, the moon shone out bright
As they hurried along in its soft silver light;
And the fat, jolly driver chuckled often in glee
At the sight of his wife and his vast family.

And the songs of the children rang out in the air
As they journeyed along, disregarding all care,
Till they reached the great palace and thro' it to roam,
And forever be happy within their new home.

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though, you see, I'm single still.
And you met her — did you tell me?
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a *soiree?* So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet — old man confess it —
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh, —
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married — eh, my boy?
When the honey-moon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try —
What? The deuce you say! Rejected,
You rejected? *So was I!*

SELLING THE FARM.

WELL, why don't you say it, husband? I know what you want to say;
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mortgage we cannot pay.
I know that we cannot pay it; I have thought of it o'er and o'er;
For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where wheat never failed before.
And everything here 's gone backward since Willie went off to sea,
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead, for you and me.
I know it was best to give it; it was right that the debts be paid, —
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the hours of his weakness, made;
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as well as I,
If the ship had not gone down that night, when no other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever I've tried to pray —
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely been here to-day).
I thought that the merciful Father would somehow care for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and because he was all we had.
But now I am well-nigh hopeless, since hope for my boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and knowing for sure he's dead.
O Thomas! how can we leave it, the home we have always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so much our own.
First day we kept house together was the day that you brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be half so dear.

Of course you remember it, Thomas, — I need not ask you, I know,
For this is the month, and this is the day, — it was twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter the barn was made,
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts were paid?
The crops were good that summer, and everything worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented, to think we had paid for the farm.
And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die;
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount of my tears is dry.
There's a man up there in the village that's wanting to buy, you say;
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it; but why does he come to-day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you have enough to bear,
And in all of our petty trouble, you always have borne your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish grown:
There, there, go on to the village; let me have it out alone.

Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary and slow;
There is not much in his looks to-day like twenty-six years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was when we first were wed,
And his love is as strong as ever for me, and for Willie, our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie! I never shall see him more;
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes through the open door.
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always the words he'd say;
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so early or late,
He was always a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he opened the garden gate.

And many and many a moment, since the night that the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence, early and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep that seemed to pause at the gate.
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his soul may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble that's come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted the day he was twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning its leaves to gold;
And often when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,
I have talked to it hours together, as if it could understand;
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I spoke of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping its hands for joy.
It may be the man that will own it, that's coming to buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses he helped to tend:
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear as a tried old friend.
And now we must go and leave them, — but there they come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting late,
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look on his face.
What right has he to be whistling that, unless he has bought the place?

Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually steps so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like twenty-six years ago.
There's something that sounds like gladness, and the man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on the stormy sea.

What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding my hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly — must we go from the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tidings of wonderful joy?
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my boy.
O Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here, let me look in your face.
Now, tell me again it is Willie that's wanting to buy the place."

BETH DAY.

"HE AND SHE."

"SHE is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes, —
Which were the whitest no eye could choose, —

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it — alone again — he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed, —

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER.

DAY by day the Organ-builder in his lonely chamber wrought;
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought;

Till at last the work was ended; and no organ-voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride,
Who, in God's sight were well-pleasing, in the church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and o'er all the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame.

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled,
By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding-day was set:
Happy day — the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride —
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he; "how great a master am I! When the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral-arches will re-echo with my praise!"

Up the aisle the gay procession moved. The altar shone afar,
With every candle gleaming through soft shadows like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was pleased with him
Who had built the wondrous organ for his temple vast and dim!

Whose the fault, then? Hers — the maiden standing meekly at his side!
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him — his bride.

Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and truth;
On that very night he left her to her anguish and her ruth.

. . . . . .

Far he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his name;
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by night and day
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray;

Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and good;
Thought of his relentless anger, that had cursed her womanhood;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all complete,
And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall down at her feet.

. . . . . .

Ah! how throbbed his heart when, after many a weary day and night,
Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow alight!

Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession — mourners following the dead.

"Now why weep ye so, good people? and whom bury ye to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the way?

"Has some saint gone up to heaven?" "Yes," they answered, weeping sore;
"For the Organ-builder's saintly wife our eyes shall see no more;

"And because her days were given to the service of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See! yonder is the door."

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out, white with pain;
No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he poured his tears like rain.

"'Tis some one whom she has comforted, who mourns with us," they said,
As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the coffin's head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while:

When, Oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clear;
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it — dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side;
While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence — silence kept for evermore.

JULIA C. F. DORR.

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.

A WEALTHY gentleman in Hertfordshire,
Not troubled with an overplus of brains,
Like many a worthy country squire,
Whose craniums give them very little pains,
Lived quietly upon his old estate.
He was a bachelor, but whether that
Argues in favor of his understanding,
Or mitigates against it, is a question
That I would wish to have no hand in,
But leave it to your cool digestion.
He ne'er perplexed his pate
With the affairs of state,
But led a calm, domesticated life,
Far from the noise of town and party strife.
He loved to smoke his pipe with jovial souls,
Prided himself upon his skill at bowls,
At which he left his neighbors in the lurch;
On Sundays, too, he always went to church
(As should each penitential sinner),
Took, during sermon-time, his usual snore,
And gave his sixpence at the door,
And then walked comfortably home to dinner.

As there are many, I dare say,
Who into such affairs have never looked,
I think I'd better mention, by the way,
That dinners, ere they're *eaten*, should be *cooked!*
At least our squire's were so before he took them.
Now, as I shall have work enough
For this most gracious queen of kitchen-stuff,

It may not be amiss to tell you that
(Of lusty beauty quite a masterpiece)
This modern maid of *Fat*
Surpassed the famous dames of *Greece.*
Of course, then, she had lovers plenty —
Ay, that she had, sir, nearly twenty!
But none she did so dote upon
As our squire's lusty gardener, John.
It chanced one year, as almanacs can tell,
St. Michael's Day on Sunday fell;
The squire, the night before, as was his use,
Gave Peggy orders to procure a goose;
Then went to church next morning cheerfully,
And ordered dinner to be done by three.
'Twas' half-past two — the cloth was laid,
Peggy the apple-sauce had made,
The bird was done, and she for master wishing
When, lo! attracted by the luscious gale,
And somewhat elevated with strong ale,
John popped into the kitchen.
"What, cookie, got a goose! well, come, that's nice;
Faith, cookie, I should like to have a slice;
And apple-sance, too! there's a darling Peg,
Do take a knife and cut me off a leg."
"Cut off a leg? that would be pretty fun;
What! serve it up to squire with only *one?*"
"Ay, to be sure; why, master durstn't kill you;
I'll cut it off." "*Adone! adone*, now! will you?"

What arguments he used I cannot say;
But love — whose sceptre's all commanding sway
Cookmaids, as well as countesses, obey —
Ordained it so, that, spite of all her reasoning,
John stole the leg, with lots of sauce and seasoning.
Though Peg, poor girl, was rather vexed
At this unlooked-for sad disaster,
She was not quite so much perplexed
As you may think: she had been used to gull
The squire, and knew the thickness of his skull;
And, consequently, to this conclusion fell, —
They who could do a goose so well,
Would not be troubled much to *do* her master.

Home came the squire, to the moment true
And rang for dinner in a hurry;
She browned the mutilated side anew,
And put it on the table in a flurry.
Soon as it met his eye, the squire
Exclaimed with wonderment and ire,
"Why, what do you call this, Peg?
Where, where, girl! where is the other leg?"
Peg courtesied and replied, in modest tone,
"An't please you, sir, it never had but *one!*"
"Only one leg! Where did you buy it, pray?"
"At Farmer Grain's, sir, across the way;
And if to-night, sir, you will go with me,
I'll pledge my life that you shall see
A number of the farmer's geese
Which, like this bird, have only one apiece."

"Well, prove it, and that alters quite the case;
But if you don't, mind, you shall lose your place."
He ate his dinner, and began to doubt it;
And grumbled most excessively about it;
The place was brown, like all the rest, he saw;
"Confound it; she surely never ate it raw!"
Evening arrives, Peg puts her bonnet on,
And with her master to the farm is gone;
With expectation big, they softly creep
Where Farmer Grain's geese are fast asleep.
Now to your recollection I would bring
That when these pretty creatures go to roost
They draw up one leg close beneath their wing,
And stand upon the other like a post.
"There, sir," cries Peg, "now pray cease your pother;
There, sir, there's one; and there, sir, is another!"
"Pooh, nonsense, stuff!" exclaims the squire; "now look ye —
Sh, sh — there, now, they've got on two legs, cookee."
"Ay, sir," cried Peg, "had you said that *at home*
Nor you nor I had e'er had cause to roam!
But recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten,
You didn't say *sh, sh,* to the one you've eaten."

THE OWL CRITIC.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turn, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is, —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls, and other night fowls,
And I tell you what I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost with his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted, ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because 'tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches, ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe that *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears.
Mister Brown, I'm amazed you should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird in that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes, I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem they'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh to encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down; have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that, I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning 's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

TIME.

TIME is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent of this world, — a little section cut out of eternity, and given us to do our work in; an eternity before, an eternity behind: and the small stream between, floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt, with all his soul, the significance of time, will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away and bearing you along with it towards that awful other world of which all things here are but thin shadows, down into that eternity towards which the confused wreck of all earthly things is bound?

Let us realize, that, until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of

our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work; and every day, as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?

And now what have we to say with respect to this strange, solemn thing — TIME? That men do with it through life just what the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane — they go to sleep! Have you ever seen those marble statues, in some public square or garden, which art has so finished into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream on and on forever, and the marble stands there, — passive, cold, — making no effort to arrest the gliding water?

It is so that time flows through the hands of men — swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever! It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them aimless, useless, till it is too late. And we are asked, with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around our approaching eternity, What has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be?

Yesterday, last week, last year, they are gone! Yesterday was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice, calling to us of its own, — its own work, its own duties. What were we doing yesterday? Idling, whiling away the time, in light and luxurious literature; not as life's relaxation, but as life's business? Thrilling our hearts with the excitement of life, contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our day?

All this is but the sleep of the three apostles. And now let us remember this: There is a day coming when the sleep will be broken rudely, — with a shock; there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted, not by years, nor by months, nor yet by hours, but by minutes, — the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the messenger of death has come to take us.

That startling moment will come, which it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last —

that our chance and our trial are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is — going, too, like all other moments that have gone before it; and then with eyes unsealed at last, we shall look back on the life which is gone by.

ROBERTSON.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." — PSALM 127 : 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep:
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*, —
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And, friends, dear friends, — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

THE funniest thing I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, a Mason true —
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is Tyler of Lodge Celestial Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summons due,
And she wanted to be a Mason, too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed round, this ridiculous wife,
And nabbed him and teased him half out of his life;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.
And first, to disguise her from bonnet and hoop,
This ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech — ah! forgive me, I meant pantaloon,
And miraculously did they fit her.

The Lodge was at work on the Master's degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G;
High soared the letters J and B;
The officers sat like Solomon, wise;
The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the room;
The candidate begged them to let him go home;
The devil himself stood up in the east,
As broad as an alderman at a feast,
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say or do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with woe!
But this is not all my story.

Those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
The candidates howling like everything,
And thus in tones of death they sing:
(The candidate's name was Morey.)
"Blood to drink, and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash, and lives to take,
Hearts to crush, and souls to burn,
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word.
She staggered, and fell in the nearest chair
On the left of the Junior Warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
That the chair was made of human bones.
Of human bones! On grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls,
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore,
Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore,
His scalp across the top was flung,
His teeth around the arms were strung;
Never in all romance was it known
Such uses made of human bones.

There came a pause — a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I, without tears, relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter rolled,
And drowned the yells of mercy.
"Blood to drink, and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash, and lives to take,
Hearts to crush, and souls to burn,
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him grim and gory."

This ridiculous woman could stand no more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all —
She dreamed she had been in a Masonic hall.

JAMES C. LAUGHTON.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT BARBARA.

A FRIEND of mine who went across the sea,
Brought home this tale, which, like a thistle-bloom,
Had floated softly downward from the gloom
Of long ago, and told it thus to me:

There dwelt in olden time, the legend runs,
A noble maiden in her father's hall,
So wondrous fair of face, and clothed with all
The grace that blossoms under Eastern suns,

That all the gold within his coffers sealed,
And smiling lands that round his castle lay,
And thousand men-at-arms that owned his sway,
In small esteem the doting father held,

Beside one careless curl, that, drooping free,
Might veil the rose-flush on his darling's cheek;
And one low word her perfect lips should speak
Surpassed to him the sweetest minstrelsy.

And, since the maiden's slightest wish was law,
And every breath an incense-draught of praise,
As if she bloomed beside life's trodden ways,
The one fair lily without spot or flaw.

Small wonder, truly, that in such esteem
She held her graces' worth, that from afar
She smiled upon her suitors, as a star
Through the blue ether shines with fair, cold beam.

One was a warrior, and a man of blood;
And one bore on his offered hand the stain
Of rank oppression and ill-gotten gain;
One in long riot spent his earthly good;

And none of those who to her father's hall
Rank, fame, or hard-won honors humbly brought
Were pure enough to match the maiden's thought;
She looked on each, and turned alike from all.

At last, there came unto the castle gate
A strange old man, with hair and beard unshorn,
His long, black robe with dust and travel worn,
And craved an entrance, for the night was late.

Then, warmed and fed, beside the kindly hearth,
He told the story of a wondrous One,
Who, only, out of all since time begun,
Had lived a stainless life upon the earth.

The maiden heard, with strange astonishment;
Her pulses throbbed, yet something held her dumb.
She asked no more. And, when the morn was come,
The old man rose, and on his journey went.

But on her sleepless pillow she had said,
When tender darkness wrapped her silently,
"Who and whatever this Lord Christ may be,
None less than he is will I ever wed!"

She slept at last, and suddenly the place
With clear, undazzling radiance round her shone;
And in the midst she saw the form of One
Before the awful sweetness of whose face

She felt her inmost soul an open book,
And all her cherished though unspoken pride
Of grace and purity within her died,
Shrivelled and scorched by that all-searching look.

"Child! for thine ignorance thou art forgiven
Thy wayward heart's unconscious blasphemy,"
The Vision spake, "which dreamed a human tie
Had ever power to bind the Lord of Heaven!

"The mystic body of His Church below,
Whose willing feet have in His footsteps trod,
Who, knowing, do and love the will of God,
Robed in His righteousness more clear than snow —

"These are the Bride of Christ, His face who sees,
Rejoicing in His presence day and night;
But thou, so white and fair in thine own sight —
Alas! thou art not pure enough for me!"

One last, sad, lingering look the Vision cast,
And vanished slowly from the maiden's eyes.
In the gray East she saw the dawn arise,
Slow and majestic, from the silence vast.

She rose, and locked the casket hastily
Wherein flashed all her gems and jewels rare;
And from the dainty robes she used to wear
She chose the plainest, long ago laid by.

Adorned with beauty only, unafraid,
Alone without the castle gate she went,
And all that day, with word and hand, she lent
To sad hearts comfort, to the needy, aid.

Nor that day only, but through all her life —
For God was pleased to grant her many years —
She fed the hungry, dried the orphan's tears;
Hushed with her gentle voice the noise of strife.

Closed softly eyes with death's cold shadow dim;
All self-forgetful, as she went and came,
Asking, alone, to wear the dear Christ's name,
And call her spirit wedded unto Him.

And when she died, the people, as they wept,
Called her "Saint Barbara," and painters strove
To make her smile immortal, and the love
Of countless hearts embalmed her while she slept.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY

REVIVING DE SINNERS.

A NEW colored preacher having been announced to address the congregation in Calico Church on a Sunday evening, the house was well filled with people of color, who were somewhat surprised when Jerry, the ex-politician, entered, and commenced his discourse as follows:

"I sees a good many ole tuffs in dis house, an' I wants 'em to come up ter de mourners' bench right now. Da's got ter come. De Lord doan say I wish you would do anythin', but

says you'se got to do it. Firmness is religion. De rock of ages is made outen flint. Mr. Johnson," said the preacher, addressing a sinner, "come up an' put yer head on this bench. I'se played kyards wid ye, but you's got ter reform. Come on, I tells you; is yer comin'?"

"No, I isn't," said Mr. Johnson.

"Den I'll fetch yer. You'se been standin' off de preachers long 'nough."

The preacher left the pulpit, advanced to where Mr. Johnson was standing, and caught him by the collar.

"Turn me loose! I doan wanter hab no truck wid yer, man."

"Come up heah ter dis bench, or I'll drag yer dar. De gospel is roused. De time ob salvation is at han'."

"Turn me loose, I tells yer. I'se a bad man, an' totes matches in my hat."

"Yas, an' yer'll tote sulphur in de hem ob yer garments. Come on heah, or I'll jerk de stuffin outen you."

The two men began struggling, and the wildest confusion prevailed. "Sing de ole tugboat of Zion," said the preacher; and the congregation obeyed. Finally, Mr. Johnson was dragged to the bench. He was warned not to lift up his head; and a deacon was stationed over him with a club. He did not look up.

"Go out an' 'pell 'em to come in," said the preacher. "De feast ob de Lord must be 'tended, boy. Put yer head on de board of 'pentance. Go on, ur yer'll be lame for a week. Git down dar, ole man! Young ooman, put yer head down dar! When de Moony an' Senkum business fails, yer's got ter use de improved plan. Doan let dat man out!" exclaimed the preacher, as a large individual made a break for the door. "Hole him. Now, yer raskil, would yer run from de lam'? When de lam' won't fetch 'em yer mus' use de ram. Da switched de lam's tail at Jerico, an' de walls stood still; but when da pushed wind through de ram's horn, da tumbled. Oh, yer doesn't want ter come, does yer? Deacon, hit dis man."

The deacon sprang forward and was on the eve of braining the sinner, when he announced his willingness to go. Some fifteen or twenty minutes were thus taken up, and, frightened by so determined an example, the other sinners meekly obeyed. Within an hour from the time that preaching began, seventy-five mourners were at the bench. Old Jerry stood in the midst, exhorting: "Dar's a bright star shinin' in de east — put your head down," said he, as a boy looked up, as though hunting for

the star. "De gospel-car is rollin'. Sinners is comin' ter 'pentance." A refractory mourner jumped up and attempted to run, but was promptly knocked down by one of the deacons. The meeting lasted until nearly daylight, when the preacher left, highly satisfied with his original method of "Reviving de Sinners."

AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A FEW days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn, on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy! How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"'Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flow-

ers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh, I almost forgot about differentiation! I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace —"

"I don't mean that — that other."

"Oh, differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides?"

"Oh, yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly awfully mean." And the Brookline girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

LIFE IN DEATH.

THE child was dead. Upon his little cot,
Serenely beautiful, he lay at rest.
His golden curls in graceful ringlets fell
About his brow, like alabaster, white;

His cheek, in dimpled fulness, seemd to mock
Our weeping words when we declared him DEAD;
And the sweet smile upon his parted lips,
With which he met the angels, yet remained,
As if in transfer of his joy to us.
His eyes were half unsealed, and in their deeps
Of hazel-light our hearts could scarcely deem
The soul had fled to leave us sorrowing here.
Oh, depth of love! Oh, futile word of peace!
Bereaved, — bereaved, — the human heart is bowed,
And turning to itself with motherly care,
Nurses the grief that wastes its life away.
Within our night of grief — how dark a night! —
Philosophy is vain, and faith's blest beam,
Alive for others' guide, when we are called
To soothe the stricken, is obscured to us, —
A darkened lamp it is, at best, whose ray
Is struggling with the damps of unbelief.
"Help, thou, our unbelief, oh God," we prayed,
"Nor let us sink in fathomless despair!"
The prayer was heard.
Another little one,
On whom the light of five short years had passed,
Stood gazing on the beauteous face, whose lines
The artist, Death, had fixed, who, with a shout
Of joyous note that made the circling blood
Bound with a quicker impulse to the heart,
"Brother's awake!"
The open eye to her
Wore the bright beam of life: Death's mystery
Had found no place within her childish thoughts.
O blessed word, that came to quicken faith,
And drive the clouds of brooding doubt away
Awake! awake! and the reviving soul
Saw not the clod of clay, save as the shrine
That bore the jewel whose immortal light
Had gone to sparkle in the regal crown of heaven.

B. P. SHILLABER.

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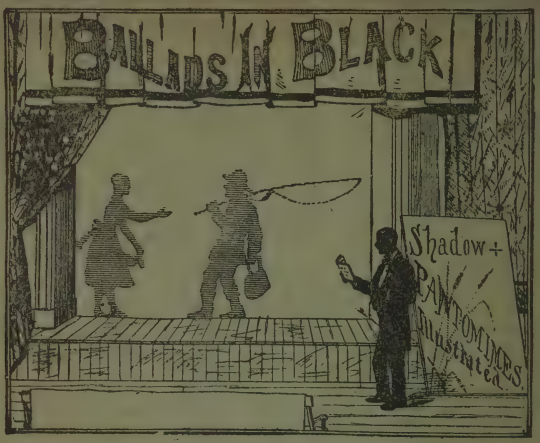

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